CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

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Next Month's Issue.

BEGINNING with the May issue CANADA MONTHLY will devote two pages each month to editorials on topics of timely interest.

The leading article is by Robert J. C. Stead, a frequent contributor to this magazine, who is an authority on the West and its problems. He shows among other things why there is bound to be a rush for land in Western Canada after the war which will be unprecedented in history.

Elliott Flower contributes a short story under the title "An Unappreciated Comedy," which will hold your interest from the first paragraph. It tells of a girl accused of theft and of her revenge upon her employer.

There is a type of man who is always complaining about his health, who actually gets a secret pleasure in his assumed martyrdom. In "Uncle Solon's Stomach," Mary Eaton Vorse has given us a humorous picture of such a man.

In "The Night Run," Madge Macbeth has written one of the best "surprise stories" we have read in a long time. Don't miss it.

The concluding chapters of "The Gregory Morton Mystery" will keep you up after bed-time.

The cover will be in three colors, by the well-known artist B. Cory Kilvert.

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Canada Monthly's School and College Directory

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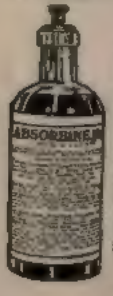
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W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
512 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Can.

The man from Punxsutawney and the man from Kokomo
Discussed the Chinese troubles, and the first said, "Don't you know,
I think these Chinese names are queer enough to stop a clock."
"That's right," replied another man from fair Caucomgomoc.

The man from Kokomo observed, "By ginger! that's a fac'.
That's what my brother says—he lives down here in Hackensack."
And still another stranger said the man's comment was true;
And added with a smile of pride, "My home's in Kal'mazoo."

Another man took up the strain.
"Now, down Skowhegan way
And up Ypsilanti we speak it every day.
The names are all uncivilized and heathen in their ring.
That's what I told my uncle yesterday in Ishpeming."

"Hohokus is my native town," another stranger said;
"And I think all these Chinese names the worst I ever read."
"Quite true," agreed a quiet man; "they're certainly uncanny.
That's what my neighbors all assert in Tail Holt, Indianny."
—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

"What makes you stand there watching me operate this adding machine?" asked the man in the bank.

"We have so much music out home," answered the loiterer, "that it's kind of interesting to see somebody punching a lot of keys around without starting up some kind of a tune."

Sam was reading the paper, when suddenly he snorted and addressed Mrs. Sam:

"What tomfoolery, Maria! It says here that some idiot has actually paid a thousand dollars for a dog!"

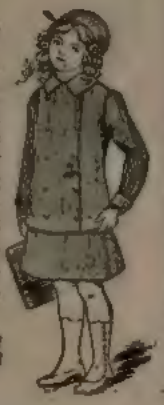
"Well, my dear, those well bred dogs are worth a lot of money, you know," answered his wife.

"Yes, of course, I know that! But a thousand dollars! Why, it's a good deal more than I am worth myself!"

"Ah, yes, Sam! But then some dogs are worth more than others, you see!"

JAEGER

For BOYS and GIRLS



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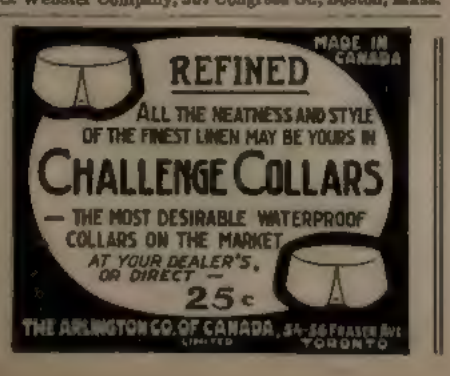
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— THE MOST DESIRABLE WATERPROOF COLLARS ON THE MARKET
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25c
THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, 54-56 Fraser Ave TORONTO

Children in these days are far more independent than were their fathers and mothers.

Mr. Gray had been away from home on business for some time, and the exact hour at which he would arrive in London was uncertain.

But his children, Jack and Molly, twins, and little fiends at that, were determined to meet him, in spite of all orders to the contrary. So they gave mother and nurse the slip, and when Mr. Gray left the train his eyes fell first upon the twins.

"Now, you two," he began angrily, "what did I tell you?"

"Oh, papa, hurry up, do!" came an excited chorus. "Don't waste time scolding. The taxi's up to eleven-and-tenpence already!"

The two ladies had been to the opera at a local theatre, and, going home in the tram, they discussed the evening's amusement.

"I think 'Lohengrin' is just splendid!" murmured the lady in the large hat, as she handed the conductor a penny for her fare.

"Do you?" asked her friend in the purple velvet, with a superior smile. "I think it's not bad; but I just love 'Carmen.'"

The conductor blushed all over his plain features.

"Sorry, miss," he murmured apologetically; "I'm married. You might try the driver, though; he's a single man!"

—

A farmer who had gone into scientific poultry raising hit upon the scheme of marking each egg with certain data in indelible ink. His idea was to find which variety of chickens laid best, and then, when the eggs were hatched, attach a tag to the chicken's legs. He soon found that his hired man was negligent about properly inscribing the eggs. One day not an egg was marked, and the farmer read him the riot act.

The hired man listened in sullen silence until the boss finished, then he said: "See here! You'll have to get another man!"

"Why, Jim, you're not going to leave me after working for me six years?"

"Yes, I am," returned the hired man. "I've done all sorts of odd chores for you without a whimper, but I'm durned if I'm going to stay here and be secretary to any durned hen!"

—

Duncan MacPherson was a hard-headed old Scot, one of the unusual kind who loved neither the kirk nor the minister. On the icy pavement he slipped and fell, and as he sat there gathering his wits, the minister, who chanced to pass, said, "Macpherson, the sinner stands on slippery ground."

"Aye," said Duncan dryly: "I see ye."

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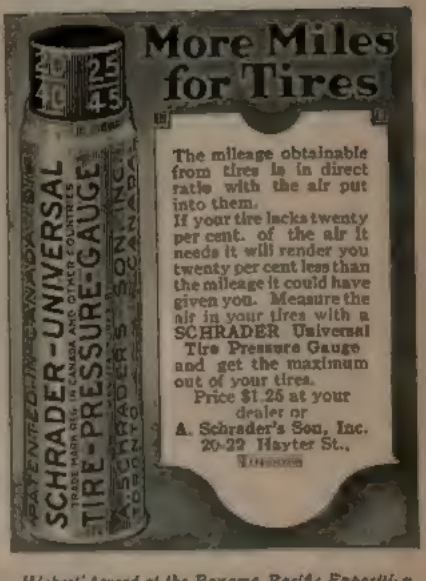
THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED

LONDON CANADA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The Advertising World of London Tells How War Has Shown Great Britain the Power of Advertising and Shows Conclusively That Business Even in Great Britain Now Can No More Be Conducted Without Advertising Than an Engine Can Run Without Steam. In the Earlier Days of the War There Were Those Who Looked Upon Advertising as a Species of Luxury that Offered the Most Favorable Opportunities for Retrenchment. They Are Not Much in Evidence Now. Read the Editorial Below:

Looking Forward

(From the January Advertising World, London)

A new year is a kind of milestone at which we all pause for a moment for a glance backward and forward.

Upon the road we traversed during 1916 our eyes will not, I think, be disposed to linger. A review of it would yield us much cause for self-congratulation, for advertising has endured the strains to which it has been subjected, in common with every other form of commercial activity, in a most admirable manner. It has shown itself to perform a function in modern trading of absolutely primary importance. There were those in the earlier days of the war who were inclined to look upon advertising as a species of luxury that offered the most favorable opportunities for retrenchment. They are not much in evidence now.

Most of them learnt in a very practical manner, and not without pain, that commercial business can no more be conducted without advertising than an engine can be run without steam.

That such a lesson should have been taught, and learnt in an unforgettable manner, is not a little to set against the many losses occasioned to the advertising business by the war.

We may with confidence go so far as to say that we see no reason for advertisers and advertising men to feel unduly fearful of what this year may have in store for them. Every one of the signs points to a continuance and even an increase of advertising enterprise during the coming months. Operations may be conditioned by difficulties of obtaining various kinds of advertising material, space, paper, printing, etc., but they are not at all likely to be restricted as a whole to smaller limits than those at present confining them.

On the contrary, as the victory that will bring peace emerges — as it is emerging—every day more clearly from the clouds that have obscured it advertisers will strive with ever increasing energy to prepare for the resumption of general commercial activity.

There will be an enormous amount of business to be done in home and overseas markets during the years immediately following the cessation of hostilities; but the competition for it will be keener than any of which the commercial world has yet had knowledge.

This is being more and more recognized in this country and everywhere efforts are being made to key the machinery of production, and what is still more necessary the machinery of distribution, up to a hitherto undreamt of level of efficiency.

Quite apart from current advertising this preparative work is giving all those connected with advertising rapidly increasing employment for all their energies and abilities. There is no time to lose, for it is more than possible that the war will end as suddenly as it began; and to be found unprepared for peace may cost us more in the long run even than we have had to pay for being unprepared for war.

At this, the most critical passage that British commerce has ever had to essay, its fortunes are largely in the hands of those who have a specialist knowledge of scientific salesmanship. They will not fail to do their part, we are assured, if they receive proper support from the producers.

They must have this, and have it now, if British trade is to maintain anything like its pride of place under the new conditions.

We believe this support is being accorded to them more readily to-day than it ever has been in the past; and it is for this reason that we find ourselves able to look forward with high courage and full confidence.

The "after-the-war" times of commercial competition are going to be filled with unprecedented endeavor and the promise of unexampled achievement. The "nation of shopkeepers" should, as it will, be found ready to play a part in them worthy of its traditions and potentialities.

England, in the throes of the mightiest war in all history, which would seem to command all her energies, is forging ahead in her vast business enterprises. She has discovered, and is using with wonderful efficiency, a new fighting weapon — ADVERTISING.

England's volunteer army rallied to the drum-beat of great advertising campaigns. England's billion dollar loans are being "sold" to the public through advertising.

These tremendously successful advertising campaigns have afforded the nation a wonderful object lesson as to the power of advertising to accomplish definite results on a huge scale.

The editorial reproduced herewith from The Advertising World, brings news that even now England is preparing for new commercial conquests through international advertising.

It is highly important that Canadian business and commercial interests press with vigor the unparalleled opportunities for dominating the home market as well as the world's markets, which the European War has placed within their grasp. "Full speed ahead!" should be the slogan of the alert manufacturers and merchants of the Dominion of Canada.

We shall be glad to offer the services of this magazine to any manufacturer who is now interested in intrenching his present markets or extending same.

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For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

Send 10c for this beautiful picture in colors. 15 x 19 inches.

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You can begin tonight to actually bring to your complexion the greater loveliness and charm you have longed for.

Begin the following Woodbury treatment tonight.

Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to the face until the skin is damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and go over your face with the cake itself just as a man does with a shaving stick. Then dip your hands in warm water and with the tips of your fingers work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather thoroughly but gently into the pores of your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice.*

Take five minutes for this treatment every day and your skin will take on, gradually but surely, the clearness, freshness and charm of "A skin you love to touch." A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today.

Send 10c for the beautiful picture above

This painting is a most beautiful conception of "A skin you love to touch." The artist is Z. P. Nicolaki, the popular illustrator, and it is difficult to tell the reproduction from the original. Send your name and address with 10c in stamps or coin and we will mail you a copy, also a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week's treatment. Write today! Address, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2304 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

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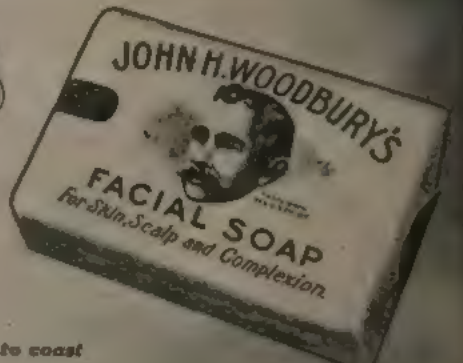

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast

VOLUME Twenty-one NO. 6

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON April 1917

Helping Mother Nature

THE PLANS OF THE ORGANIZATION OF RESOURCES COMMITTEE TO INCREASE ONTARIO'S PRODUCTION OF FOOD SUPPLIES

By R. Goldwin Smith

Illustrated from Portraits Decorations by F. M. Grant

THERE are three important ways in which Canadians san help the Empire, the Dominion and themselves. The first and undoubtedly the most effective is to enlist. The second which is a good alternative, is to help pay for the cost of the war. The third, which is within the reach of hundreds of thousands, is to make this country produce during the year 1917 as it never produced before. It is readily acknowledged that so far Canadians have done well with respect to enlisting and helping to pay for the war. Partly because so many of the country's ablest young men have enlisted, however, the nation's productive power has been seriously impaired. Unless a large percentage of the man and boy-power in every community in the Dominion takes account of production as a vital need, the area planted and therefore the harvests of 1917 will fall far short of urgent requirements.

For young men who through some physical defect cannot join the army, for the boys who are not old enough to enlist, for the older men who, while past the military age, are able to employ their hands as well as their brains, a medium of service is offered that will count effectively against what is the most powerful and probably the final attempt of an autocratic political organization to stem the onward march of democracy. One month ago there were four autocratic powers, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey. Russia became a democracy almost over night, and now the democratic world, which is the people's world, is arrayed against the three Central Powers. The enemy are shortening their battle fronts, and they are still strong. The results of the war depend now as much on resources as fighters. Agriculture is the fundamental resource of any nation

The great productive power of Canada in face of present insistent demands and the future needs of the mother country and our European Allies has been effective in inducing the Ontario Legislature to initiate the "Productive Campaign," which is commending the attention of the people from one end of the province to the other. While the campaign has the Government backing it by every means at its disposal, the idea is being realized through the medium of a Resources Committee. This committee comprises prominent members from both sides of the Legislature, agricultural experts and business men. The Lieutenant Governor, Sir John S. Hendrie is chairman, Sir William Hearst and M. J. Haney, vice-chairmen, and Dr. Albert H. Abbott secretary. The other members

Sir William Howard Hearst, Premier of Ontario and Minister of Agriculture

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are: The Honourable T. W. McGarry, Provincial Treasurer; The Honourable G. H. Ferguson, Minister Lands, Forests and Mines; N. W. Rowell, K.C., C. M. Bowman, M.P.P., Southampton; G. A. Gillespie, M.P.P., Peterborough; Severin Ducharme, M. P.P., Bell River; Honourable W. D. McPherson, Provincial Secretary, Dr. Forbes Godfrey, Minnico Norman; Sommerville, Toronto; W J. Bell, Sudbury; The Hon. H. W. Richardson, Kingston; William Wollatt, Walkerville; Fred Cook, Esq., Assistant King's Printer, Ottawa; Dr. W. A. Riddell, Toronto; W. E. Rundle, Toronto; Arthur Little, London; William Dryden, Brooklyn; Walter Rollo, Hamilton; Dr. G. C. Creelman, Guelph; W. H. Shapley, Toronto.

In an interview with the representative of the "Canada Monthly" Sir William Hearst explained in some detail the problems that faced the Province along the lines of production.

"You ask me for a brief statement as to the agricultural policy of the Government," he said. "In reply I would say that it is two-fold. First and foremost we recognize the necessity of producing the greatest possible quantity of foodstuffs from the soil during the season which is now opening. It has been our constant aim throughout the entire work of the Department covering every section of the Province to keep this prominently before the men on the land. It has been pointed out and backed up with conclusive evidence that greater production can be accomplished with the same labor by utilizing better seed and better methods. At the same time it is recognized that a larger supply of labor is fundamental to any expectation of greatly increased returns from the land from which thousands of men have been taken for military service and munition making.

It has been found that there are practically no idle men in the Province, and consequently we have been compelled to devote our energies towards securing the services of High School boys throughout the summer months, releasing them in April if necessary and granting examination recognition, and also by utilizing short time and holiday labor throughout the season as it may be available. In this latter regard the Department is cooperating with the Toronto Board of Trade and through public spirited organizations which have taken this matter in hand. Through the cooperation of the Labor Branch of the Government and the local offices of the Department of Agriculture we have a splndid organization for distributing labor so far as it may be secured, and the prospect is that a great deal of useful work will be accomplished in this way. Publicity is also being generously used to bring to the attention of retired farmers and others the patriotic duty of offering their services for productive services where they cannot render military service. Men are also being brought in from across the line.

"While therefore it is evident that we must look to the regularly organized farms as our chief source of production we have, nevertheless, been urging that all the backyard gardens and vacant lots in cities, towns and villages should be cultivated. The thousands of requests received at the Department for information on this matter indicate the keen interest which has been developed, and there is little doubt but what a great deal of spare time and spare land will be used this year with results advantageous to the individual and the nation.

"In the second place the agricultural policy of the Government looks to the more permanent development of agrisulture on a firm and prosperous basis. What the conditions may be after the war is difficult to foretell, but we know that new channels of trade have been developed under war conditions and every effort will be made by the Province to maintain these so far as the supply of foodstuffs is concerned. While continuing to disseminate the best information on the productive side, the Department will devote attention to the marketing side probably more than in the past. Grading of butter and of woal are being undertaken this year and there seems to be a large field for usefulness in this line.

"Ontario is fortunate in possessing great natural advantages in her agricultural resources and agricultural population, and it will be the purpose of the Government, working in harmony with the people on the land, to see that these are developed to the fullest possible extent."

Hon. Newton Wesley Rowell, K.C.
Who as leader of the Liberal Party in Ontario is vitally interested in the production campaign

In Great Britain every available plot of land is being utilized for agriculture. The question presents itself, therefore why greatly increased production is necessary. The answer is conclusive. While Russia can feed her own people and armies, the Allies have some ten million men on the Saloniki, Italian and Western fronts to feed, and they are non-producers. Moreover official crops statistics indicate that the recently harvested crops and the 1917 crops of those countries, where estimates can be made fall far short of the previous year. In Argentina the wheat and corn crops are practically a failure

Dr. Geo. C. Creelman, President of the Ontario Agricultural College, the new Commissioner of Agriculture

Dr. Albert H. Abbot, Secretary of the Organization of Resources Committee

and that country, which usually exports annually 100,000,000 or more bushels of wheat, will have very little surplus this year Australia's yield of wheat will be 50,000,000 bushels below last year's small crop. In France the condition of wheat is only 65 per cent. of the normal, and both Holland and Britain report the condition unsatisfactory. It has been closely figured that the surplus grains of the old crop year in all countries will have been completely exhausted before July 1st this year. It is, therefore, altogether likely that North America will have to supply the Allied nations of Europe with approximately 500,000,000 bushels of wheat alone from the 1917 crop not to mention other,grains, vegetables meats, wool, leather and flax, for all of which an urgent demand exists at the present time and will continue until long after the war has ceased.

Whether or not the Resources Committee is a permanent organization, and plans are being made to have it so, its primary function now has to do with the war The great objective is to raise within the Province during 1917 every possible ,pound of food. The Committee is dealing with the problem in a comprehensive manner and is applying scientific methods. Needless to say there is an abundance of land available. The supreme need, as the Premier emphasizes, is workers. Labor is so scarce that farmers will not be able to operate either so extensively or intensively unless the man-power of the cities and towns, schools and offices cooperate.

Farmers may reasonably raise the question as to the competance of unskilled farm help. just as manufacturers questioned the competence of women in munition plants. In any case the available help will be better than no help at all. With brief training most of the men and boys drawn from the cities will make good, just as most of the women are making good in the munition factories. The farmer may inquire whether it will pay to employ these volunteers. With regard to the men who spend their holidays in this serviceable manner, the Committee is trying to work out a plan by which they will receive a soldier's pay, which is $1.10 per day. Indicentally, two weeks or a month on the land will afford men who work in offices thevery best opportunity to recuperate their energies for the confined work of the following year. With regard to the city school boys the experience will broaden their horizon and will doubtless induce some of them to make agriculture their life work. Meanwhile, the food production problem would be solved and operating costs on the farm would not be excessive.

Hon. Howard Ferguson, M.P.P.
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines, Ontario

The importance of such a movement to the farms will be appreciated when the course of wholesale prices of commodities during the past year is taken into consideration. The department of Labor at Ottawa has compiled significant figures covering price movements in this country. Since the year 1908 the prices of thirteen departments or staple commodities taken together have registered an unbroken series of advances. Taking 100 as the normal, the index number in 1908 was 120.08, whereas in 1916 it was 182.4. During 1897 and 1898 the index numbers were 92.2 and 96.1 respectively. Hence, since that Elysian period, the cost of commodities has more than doubled. In the table on page 284 it will be noted that the advance in farm products has been in some cases more than proportional to the average.

The committee is calling to its aid various existing organizations in the Province. Farmers' clubs, women's institutes, high schools and Boards of Trade are being asked to cooperate. The Toronto Board of Trade is already taking definite action. It is laying plans for a "patriotic holiday campaign." It will become the mediating agent between office men and farmers. This should solve the problem for Toronto as far as method goes. By this means farmers may list their requirements as to man-power, the nature of the work and so on and office men and boys who

"It has been pointed out and backed up by conclusive evidence that greater production can be accomplished with the same labor by utilizing better seed and better methods. At the same time it is recognized that a larger supply of labor is fundamental to any expectation of greatly increased returns from the land from which thousands of men have been taken for military service and munition making."—Sir Wm. Hearst.

desire serviceable employment may register at the office of the Board of Trade and choose the mode of labor they prefer.

On March 23rd, an appeal was sent out by the Resources Committee to patriotic committees and newspapers throughout the Province, urging every one of them to put their shoulder to the wheel, and stimulate production. Notices were also sent out to all high schools and continuation schools that a prize essay contest would be launched. Information to this end is being placed on notice boards at all such schools and schoolmasters are requested not merely to encourage the pupils to enter the contest, but to consult with parents and impress on them the value of any sacrifice they may have to make in allowing their boys to indentify themselves with the production campaign by working on the farms. The Committee is also taking steps to bring before the farmers the great need of food production this year and are urging them to employ the boys of high school age.

The prize essay contest, which is launched with the approval of the Minister of Education, will doubtless interest every school boy. The subject prescribed is: "How the high school boy by working on farms can help himself, the farmer and the Empire." Three cash prizes are offered for the three best essays from each school, the amount being $5, and $3 and $2 respectively according to the order of merit. The essay should be about 1,000 words long and be handed in to the master of the school before April 16th. The three winning essays from each school shall be forwarded to the secretary of the Resources Committee and from them the best three essays will be selected. For these additional prizes will be awarded, $25 for the first; $15 for the second and $10 for the third.

Town organizations are calling a public meeting and has asked for a speaker to be sent to address the gathering. An interest is evidently being awakened that will realize the most sanguine hopes of the Committee.

Another phase of the production problem under consideration is scientific methods of farming and farm accounting. Some farmers will inquire what advantage to them a committee of members of the Legislature and business men will be in the farmer's special field of operations. One farmer has been heard from who is a strong advocate of farm accounting. He is well off and attributes the fact to a strict process of farm accounting during the past seventeen years. He has a ledger for every field on his farm. He knows almost to a dollar that on his land it is more profitable to feed cattle than raise wheat, and that it is more profitable to buy young cattle than to breed them. He knows the performance of every cow to a pound of milk. With him there is neither waste of energy nor capital. The Committee in its campaign for farm accounting will be benefited in its investigations if a few enterprising farmers in each township adopt the accounting method, because then it will be able to arrive at fairly accurate conclusions as to what phase of farming is best suited for the various localities.

Another phase of the Committee's inquiry will be seeds and in this it will receive material aid from Dr. Creelman and the Staff at the Ontario Agricultural College, where great success has already been achieved in the matter of seed culture and selection. All the agencies will be coordinated to produce the maximum quantity of food this year.

The Committee is concerned also with the market for Ontario apples this year. For economic reasons, in this time of stress, Great Britain has placed an embargo, preventing the importation of apples, and as a result Ontario has lost a market. The Committee's efforts will be directed to providing a domestic market. The citizens will be urged to eat apples every day in preference to imported fruits, which amounted to $10,000,000 last year. Housewives will be urged to dry and make into jelly more apples than ever before and the use of appale cider by everybody will be urged. In connection with the cider item, all who have tasted it know what a delicious drink it makes. The committee believes that if a small family cider-press were invented many households would acquire one and it may decided to offer a round sum of money to the man who devises the most economical and efficient machine. Already a man is in the field offering $5,000 for the patent rights of such a machine. Other problems under consideration are local and ocean transportation, cold storage and other storage requirements and more effective cooperation by means of which farmers may have more power in setting the prices of their products.

Wholesale Prices in Canada.

Index Numbers of all Commodities by Groups.

	1897	1907	1914	1915	1916
1. Grains and fodder	80.6	140.2	156.5	186.2	196.8
2. Animals and meats	90.1	133.8	172.3	187.2	217.3
3. Dairy produce	90.1	131.6	154.4	161.4	185.8
4. Fish	98.6	122.5	156.6	142.7	160.8
5. Other foods	96.6	115.5	118.8	125.2	137.5
6. Textiles	98.8	126.1	133.5	149.3	191.4
7. Hides, leather, boots	100.1	125.5	171.9	180.5	231.1
8. Metals and implements—					
(a) Metals	85.2	134.8	113.9	152.4	201.3
(b) Implements	93.1	107.1	106.8	113.2	137.0
9. Fuel and lighting	96.4	106.8	110.9	108.8	130.1
10. Building materials—					
(a) Lumber	93.9	165.2	162.1	175.7	182.0
(b) Miscellaneous	87.7	108.7	111.4	115.9	153.2
(c) Paints, oils, glass	95.8	141.2	140.7	157.1	191.0
11. House furnishings	99.8	112.7	129.5	136.5	149.4
12. Drugs and chemicals	96.5	108.5	121.8	151.3	245.7
13. Miscellaneous—					
(a) Furs	88.0	239.4	205.4	161.9	304.6
(b) Liquors and tobaccos	103.9	125.5	138.9	138.6	146.2
(c) Sundry	91.2	123.0	108.5	116.0	143.1
All Commodities	92.2	138.2	136.1	148.0	182.4

"For the young men who through some physical defect cannot join the army, for the boys who are old enough to enlist, for the older men, who, while past the military age, are able to employ their hands as well as their brains, a medium of service is offered that will count effectively against what is the most powerful and probably the final attempt of an autocratic political organization to stem the onward march of democracy."

Son O' Mine

By Freeman Putney, Jr.

Illustrated by Marjory Mason

THREE hours past midnight!" nmuttered Epes Clark. "No use waitin' up any longer! I'll turn in."

As he stood on the edge of the wharf, one hand grasping a shroud of the little schooner that lay in the dock, he peered again through the gloom up the wharf.

"It's the first time," he continued, the boy has ever stayed out all night. What's that?"

A clattering closed carriage rolled to the head of the lane, swung through the gateway, and picked its way more slowly down the wharf. One lamp was out; the other leered dimly through thegloom

The fisherman stood staring. The horse made a tired pretence of shying.

With an oath and a lash, the driver broughtthe animal around and jerked him to a stop.

"Bear a hand, can't ye?" he growled "Open the door!"

Epes stumbled to the side of the carriage. A woman stepped out—a woman whose departed youth had left a face of strong individuality, with firm mouth, straight nose, medium forehead and a clear skin which, even under the rays of the lamp, told of beauty not many years gone.

"Are you Epes Clark?" she asked.

Epes, his sou'wester still pulled over his eyes, growled assent through his heavy beard. Continued shouting across the wind had hoarsed his voice mightily in twenty odd years at sea.

"I've brought your son home," she said quietly.

"What?" muttered Epes, hoarsely. "Wh-what?" he repeated dully. "He ain't—What's happened to him? Is he hurt? Is he—"

"Naw," interrupted the driver from his box. "He'll sleep it off by noon. Had too much liquor up to Pudger's. Haul him out an' put him to bed!"

"I'll hold the horse," said the woman, and the driver went to Epes's aid. Between them they lowered the senseless lad to the deck of the schooner, then into the cabin and laid him in the wide starboard bunk—the skipper's bunk.

The driver heaved a sigh as they laid down their burden.

"Wish't I c'd sleep as sound! Pudger wanted me to be sure an' tell ye, Epes, that t'warn't none o' his doin'. 'Twas a gang o' summer folks from over to the P'int, had a private supper room and all that. They broke up in some sort o' row an' when Pudger went in, Harry was under th' table. This woman said she would take him home. Kind o' took her back all standin' when I told her he lived on a fishin' schooner, but she stuck to it. Ain't a bad looker, is she, even ef she ain't so young ez she used to be?"

His legs had disappeared up the ladder as he talked. There was a scraping of tire against iron, a rattle of wheels and harness and the carriage was off up the lane.

"They's been some mischief afloat!" whispered Epes, in the cabin. "Some mischief!" Taking the lantern from its nail, he turned it up anff hung it over Harry's berth. Then he loosened the boy's clothes.

As he pulled a comforter over the heavy-breathing figure, Epes felt a bundle in the breast pocket of the coat. He pulled forth in the light of the lantern a thick roll of bills.

"What?" stammered Epes.

He was a big, homely fellow, but he had a heart of gold

"Why—where in time—where'd he git—"

He hastened on deck, with a vague notion of asking an explanation from the carriage driver. The wharf was deserted. But, as Epes turned again toward the cabin he saw, seated on an upturned trawl-tub and leaning against the farther rail, the woman who had brought Harry home.

Epes hastily pulled low the brim of his sou'wester.

"What you doin' here?" he demanded hoarsely.

A slow, weary smile crept over her face.

"If you really want to know, I'm thinking—wondering where to go next. If you object to my staying here, I'll move along."

"No objection," Epes growled. "I sh'd think you'd find it cold, though. But tell me—" he held forth the money, crumpled into an awkward ball in his hand. "Whar'd Harry git this?"

"I don't know where he got it, but it's his. He brought it with him when he came to the hotel last night. In fact, that's why we—that's why he was invited to the hotel. He was going to use this money to get rich quick."

"Drawed it from the savins bank," supplemented Epes. "And your gang planned to rob him. Was that it?"

"You've struck it."

"Why didn't you do it? Warn't there enough? It's taken that boy ever since he was nine years old to save them three hundred dollars. I s'spose though, it wouldn't go far with a gang o' city sports. Are you tryin' to blackmail me now, instead?"

She smiled again.

"I have less than a dollar. I brought your boy back with all his money and lost the only friends I had by doing it. Now you abuse me."

"Hold hard!" Epes croaked an apology. "Excuse me! You see, I been settin' up all night waitin' for that boy. If I spoke rough it's because I was worried and ain't got over it. If you don't mind, I wish't you'd tell me the whole thing straight. An' p'raps you better step down into th' cabin. It's sheltered there, an' this airly mist is bad for them that isn't used ter it."

Below, in the little cabin, the woman stepped to the side of the bunk and looked steadfastly at the sleeping boy. Epes sat down heavily on a locker opposite, his own face in the dark.

"I'm puzzled—puzzled," she said slowly. "That boy looks wonderfully like some one I know. And yet yet—I can't tell who. I can't place the resemblance."

Epes was silent. A little uneasily, she continued:

"Somehow, because you are that boy's father, I want to tell you how I came to be mixed up in this business. It was bad business! I thank God it wasn't worse.

"I'm a Newfinlander, born in the Bay of Islands, and it was, —yes, twenty years ago, that I fell in love with a Yankee fisherman who came there with the herring fleet. He was a big, homely fellow but he had a heart of gold. We married and settled down with my folks.

"I was happy for a year—until the baby came. Think of it—*until* the baby came! I had a little boy, and I didn't want him! I was young; I had always been free. He tied me down to drudgery. For a few months I stood it. I was sick of feeding him; sick of medicines; sick of washing and washing and washing little clothes; sick of losing my sleep at night. I was only eighteen years old. I ran away!

"I came to the States and did housework. I got acquainted with

"I was only eighteen years old; I had always been free"

other down-east girls and was invited to dances. Thursday afternoons I went to the matinee. It was all new to me, and the novelty and excitement kept me going for a while.

"Then, after a few weeks, I grew uneasy. I was restless; something was missing out of my life. And one day, like a flash, I wanted my baby!

"I sat down and cried and cried! I had spent all my money, but for the next few weeks, I saved every cent I could scrape from my wages to buy a ticket home. God knows what promises I made: how I would work for the boy and my husband, if he would only take me back! All of a sudden I had stopped being a silly girl and I was a woman—a grown woman. I had learned that there is something in life but one's self. And, oh, how I wanted my baby!

"I got home, home to the Bay of Islands. And I found—" Her voice died away in a sob.

"My husband had taken the baby and gone away. No one knew where. Some folks scolded me and told me I had ruined a good man's life. Others said he was going to change his name and start anew so that the boy—my boy!—should never know the story of his mother. I heard it all dumbly.

"I came back to the States. I went to work again, and evenings I went to night school. I wanted my baby, and, when I should find him, I wanted him to be proud of his mother. Good people helped me. My teachers said I had a quick mind. After a while I got out of housework and into an office In time, I had a good commercial education. I attended to business, as most girls don't, and was promoted.

"But all the while I wanted my baby! Every chance that came to travel in New England, I took. Every vacation I spent in visiting the seaport towns, looking for some trace of my husband and the boy. It was foolish, for if my husband had changed his name I didn't even know whom to inquire for. But I had a hope that some day I should meet them on the street.

"For years I crossed over every time I saw a big, sunburned man with a smooth face, hoping it was my husband. Smooth faces were not common when we were married, but gradually I became hardened to the disappointment. But even now I sometimes hurry to overtake a big man with brown curly hair, thinking perhaps—but it never is!"

She stopped with a weak attempt at a smile.

"Isn't it silly?" He's forty-five now, and his hair may be gray. I've found some gray hairs in mine, and I'm only thirty-seven."

"An' the boy?" Epes's grunt was barely articulate:

"We got him there to a late supper as we planned"

"My boy! I'll never stop looking for him. I've watched other boys grow up, who are about his age. I've pictured to myself how he must look. When I left he had only a little ridiculous fuzz on top of his head, but I've pictured his hair—curly and brown like his father's, and his little snip of a nose grown straight and his chin firm like his father's, and I should know him from his father's looks. My baby, grown up to look like his father, I hope, but my baby still!"

"But s'posen he—it's a long time, ye know—they don't allus live—"

"Don't" she exclaimed in pain. "I can't think of it! I won't think of it! I won't have it so! I want my boy. God knows how I've wanted him all these years! God won't fool me in the end. I feel it. I must find him some time!"

She was silent for a few moments, her chin quivering

"You must wonder why I've told you all this. It is to explain what happened to-night. A year ago, I was offered a position with a company that was being formed in Boston to develop oil wells in Kansas. It looked good; I took the place and put all the money I had saved into the company. For a while, things went well. Then the price of crude oil was reduced and our concern gradually went to the wall. The final smash came a fortnight ago. I lost every cent I had put in, and my employment as well.

"With the few dollars left, I came down to Hardyport to rest a few days. Over at the hotel I met the two men who made up our party to-night. Mason, I had seen before as a travelling salesman. Hartman, I think, is a professional crook—a confidence man.

"Both men were on their uppers. Mason got acquainted with your son Harry and found he had a few hundred dollars in the savings bank. It was small pickings but enough to make a getaway on. They Ranted a woman to help them, and came to me. I was bitterly sore and disappointed. The world had taken my money and I was willing to do anything to get even with the world. I had always been straight and honest in business and it hadn't paid. That was the way I reasoned. Of course it was wrong—dead wrong—but they played on my resentment and I agreed to go in.

"There was nothing new about the scheme. Mason got Harry to draw his money on the promise of a tempting investment. Once at the hotel, we were to draw him into a gambling game and skin him.

"Well, we got him there to a late supper, as we planned. I passed as Mason's sister. It was eleven o'clock when the cards were brought out. Then we struck the first snag. Harry didn't know how to play poker. There didn't seem to be any card games he did know, except whist

So we played whist for a while About twelve o' clock, Hartman sug-

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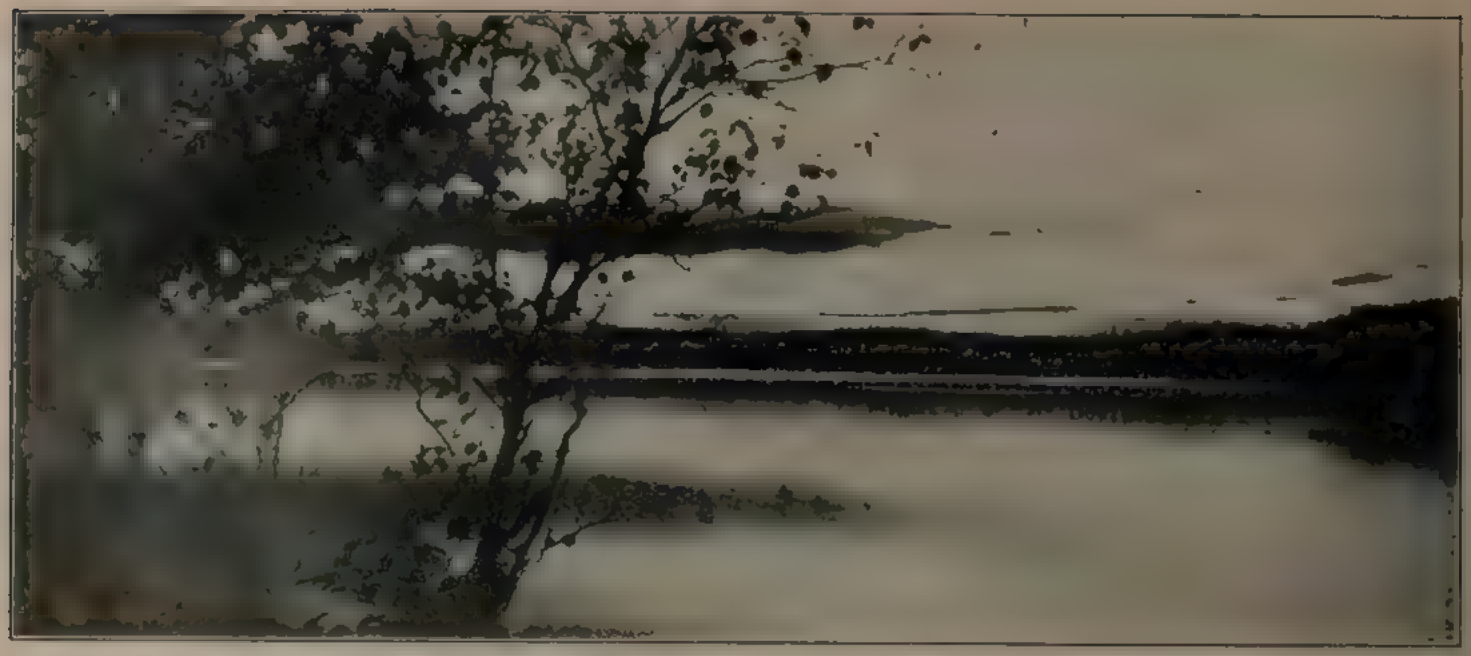


The setting sun and the lengthening shadows over the quiet water wooed him into a dreamy inactivity

Fisherman's Luck

By K. J. Synon

Illustrated from Photographs

THERE were three of us come to Algonquin, Ichabod, Fritters and I, as queer a trio as the North Country saw that summer. Little we knew as we set forth gaily from Toronto, looking out with superior condescension upon the toilers shackled to the city, that others were waiting in the wilderness to gaze upon us with condescension plus amusement. We all knew wildernesses—separately. To each other we were Frank, and Bill, and Tom, because we love the wild lands of the earth. It was our combination that developed new names for us. Frank's length and solemnity, contrasted with my rotundity, served to bring him the cognomen of that member of the Crane family made famous by Washington Irving. It also operated to enliven me with the soubriquet of Tubs. Bill's ruling passion - not for food, but for inaction—won him the title that was to make him known to the upper Canadian lake country

We were Fishermen. That is, we thought we were fishermen when we left Toronto. We had tackle enough to start a whaling expedition. We had rods enough to build a bamboo hut We had perfect confidence in our equipment. We had hopes

We left the tackle strewn from the Highland to Lake Connoquin. We stacked the rods on many portages. We slackened the outfit bit by bit on the northward-going trail. We sped the raiment into old clothes. We lost confidence in our equipments and gained confidence in ourselves. We justified the hopes, but not as we intended. For we met Joseph.

Joseph, too, had another name, a flowering name like Hyacinthe or Baptiste or their combination, but because of his promise to lead us, his brethren, out of Egypt, we bestowed on him what his country had bestowed on us, a title of subtly derisive dishonor. All the Baptistes and Hyacinthes and Donalds and Duncans of Algonquin had scoffed at us, piling upon us, as we advanced, their amused scorn that the professional saves for amateur. For they were real fishermen, genuine flingers of the line, men who lived out their lives under the stars and above the reflection of stars. Guides of the great park country up in the highlands of Ontario, they had been wont to welcome men of our kind. And always their welcome was the same, the flickering smile that conveyed comprehensive contempt for our methods and our aspirations. Until we met Joseph we had been running the gauntlet of realization that, while we might have been popular in wildernesses in our individual capacities, we were none the less collectively out of the pictures. With Joseph as a shield we tackled Algonquin, the great provincial reserve.

As a shield Joseph was porcupiny "Where would messieurs feesh?" he asked me after I had completed the financial negotiations necessary to his temporary adoption.

"Where would you suggest?"

His shrug expressed the wideness of the world. It also expressed the narrowness of our vision. "What would you have?" he finally enquired.

"Don't care," said Fritters.

Ichabod and I entered into argument. Ichabod, by virtue of the greater speed of his tongue, emerged triumphant. "Trout," said he. Over the face of Joseph flashed a momentary flicker, reminiscent of the time when he had stood without our wickiup. Then recollection that he was now our guide and therefore not permitted to smile openly upon our short comings braced him to severity. He was as solemn as Ichabod as he gravely nodded acquiescence to our wishes.

Of the ways that Joseph led us to the trout streams of Algonquin I have no words here. Lovely they were, endowed with a beauty that sunk into our souls. Fritters, because he did less

work than the rest of us, found the greatest enjoyment in the beauty of the forests and the lakes. The setting sun and the lengthening shadows over the quiet water wooed him into a dreamy inactivity. Ichabod had a restless disposition, hating inactivity with the zest of a zealot I have a kind heart. The combination lightened Joseph's labors so that Joseph should have melted to us inwardly. Outwardly however, he preferred Fritters. There were times when I used to wonder whether it was the temperamental juvenility of the two of them or merely Joseph's appreciation of a grand seigneur—and Fritters played the part to the life that won our guide's admiration for the last one who deserved his approbation morally. But then I've noticed that the sons of Martha never have the loyalties that the frittering sons of Mary enjoy!

That night I discovered Joseph also engaged in the process of elimination. "What are you cacheing?" I asked him. He showed me with a grin Bill's extensive and expensive equipment. "Monsieur need it not," he told me.

"What'll he use?"

"Like me, yes. Just a rod, and a line."

"He'll be sorry."

"As monsieur says." But he cached the outfit that had cost Fritters infinite trouble and much money. "Monsieur does not know our lakes and rivers," he condescended to explain. "The place I know is so full of trout that a man may pick them up from the waters." I can stand some jibes, but not those which mock my intelligence. I left him.

"When'll we be there?" was Ichabod's persistent query to Joseph, relative to our coming to the trout streams that should be even as the trout streams of the railway folders.

"Day after to-morrow," was Joseph's manana. Once he added an inquiry of his own. "Does monsieur never linger?"

Monsieur never did.

Joseph twitched his shoulder.

Fritters spoke for him. "What's the hurry?" he asked. "Why not fish here? There's fish everywhere in Algonquin."

"We set out for the further trout streams. Why not go?" Ichabod was true to type, even if he was weary of portaging. He always finishes what he starts.

He made the rest of us finish it, too. By the time we had come to the stream of his choice, I had worked myself into an intolerant rage. I disliked him and his persistence. His untiring energy had worn down my nerves. I would have none of him, and in order to get him out of my sight I left him and the others and sought out my own streams

From time to time I would pause to marvel at the beauty of some shimmering cascade as it poured into the lake

further on, where I gave myself up to the joy of being alone, a surrender that rejoices the true fisherman's soul. Luck was with me invariably. Sometimes, between battles, I thought of Ichabod, seriously striving, but never with my success? And I thought of Fritters, too lazy to strive. Then I would chuckle to myself in anticipation of my triumph. From time to time I would pause to marvel at the beauty of some shimmering cascade as it poured into the lake.

One incident, coming along toward midafternoon, climaxed the joy of the sport. I had been slipping upstream, seeking those deep, quiet, shaded pools where the speckled trout lie waiting for the luring fly. I had been progressing with the instinct that every true fisherman knows, the feeling that the day's great adventure is waiting for him just around the next bend of the stream. I had trout in plenty on my string, beauties each and every one of them, but I had not yet met the supreme encounter that I knew was to crown my day's achievements

As I waded out from the sloping bank and saw the Green Pool I knew that I had found the place of battle. The Green Pool may have other names. I found afterward that in the early mornings it shines limpidly clear. At noon it is amber. At twilight it is gray. But my first glimpse of its placid surface reflecting the pale hues of the birch leaves and the darker tones of the spruces showed it to me of that color by which I have ever since called it in my memory. I knew it to be a magic pool, a pool rich in slumbrous fish. Wiley fish they would be that dozed beneath the surface of the Green Pool

Wiley they were, as I found while I waited cautiously and patiently and the sun moved lower in the blue sky. Save for the sound of the forest creatures and of the water lapping against the stones all was still. Suddenly there rose a tiny ripple to the pool's surface. Wider it grew till it showed a flash of silver. I cast the line. Even as I swung it off I knew that I had thrown challenge to the king of the

stream. No ordinary fishing this, but angling worthy the eighty dollar rod and the gay-hued fly.

The king of the pool hit that fly with a bang, and then the fight was on! He was a true monarch, scorning capture. He dived and twisted and flashed and turned. Over and over again he threatened to wrest from me the joy of conquest.

I talked to him as a worthy adversary, thinking to catch him, while he listened, off his guard.

"Come on now," said I, "You are a good scout—and we *might* be friends."

"Come in out of the wet. It is a nice day over here—and warm, and dry."

While I teased him, and coaxed, and cajoled, and flattered, and flirted and lured him toward my ultimate triumph, I personified him out of the neuter. That fish was a personage. He was the Richelieu of the finny tribe. But I took him!

I should like to believe that it was my superior cunning that conquered. But, even as I lifted him, struggling out of the ruffled waters of the Green Pool I had a disturbing idea that it had been his amazing curiosity that had been his undoing. He had seen a strange thing descend into the clear waters of his throne room. He had sought it out. He had pursued it. He had striven to capture it. He had followed it dauntlessly. He had attacked it. And he had swallowed it. That his ultimate success in capture led to his final undoing had nothing to do with his surety of success in his own struggle. He had captured the fly, even as I had captured him. And yet, even as I counted myself triumphant, I was but swallowing the fly of apparent triumphy while another force was barbing me.

I went back to camp rejoicing. I met Ichabod at the last turn. His solemn face was lightened by a look that boded ill for my triumph. "How many?" I called to him. He shouted back joyously. I wilted. We were

even! Then he, too, lost some of his fly.

Remembering Fritters, we both braced. Fritters came along at sunset. "Good day?" we cried in duet.

"Fine," said Fritters.

"How many?"

He said it. It was almost as many as both of us together had caught. He held up the string. Everyone was a speckled trout, a king of some green, or blue or amber pool. And Fritters was dangling the line and rod that Joseph had loaned him. Ichabod and I looked at our reels. With one impulse we started to set them away. Then we saw Joseph.

He bore no long string. Just one of my number he lacked. But he wore no look of disappointment. Instead, he seemed suffused with a quiet pleasure. Ichabod and I looked at each other. We both of us understood.

Fritters won us our reputation in Algonquin, a reputation that went back the trail before us and that changed the supercilious scorn of the Hyacinthes, and the Baptistes and the Donalds and the Duncans to the smile of brotherhood. Every day, week after week, Fritters fished for trout. So did we all of us. But every day Fritters broke a new record. "He ees marvel," Joseph told us one evening.

"He is," said Ichabod and I.

He is still a marvel. For he has never by any chance confirmed our definite suspicion that he subsidized Joseph. Nor did Joseph give us any ground for it in the days through which we became famous fishermen of Algonquin.

We came out like conquerors, dirty, disheveled, bedraggled, and supremely happy. We have passed the tenderfoot stage. We had eaten of the wild rice of the North Country. We were more than fishermen. We were men.

But I am going back to Algonquin—alone—and I shall take Joseph out over the portages and let him loan to me the magic line he gave to Fritters. I have a desire to break Fritters' record—and I have an idea that Joseph's line helped in its making. And I have learned one of the lessons of fisherman's luck. I know now that—

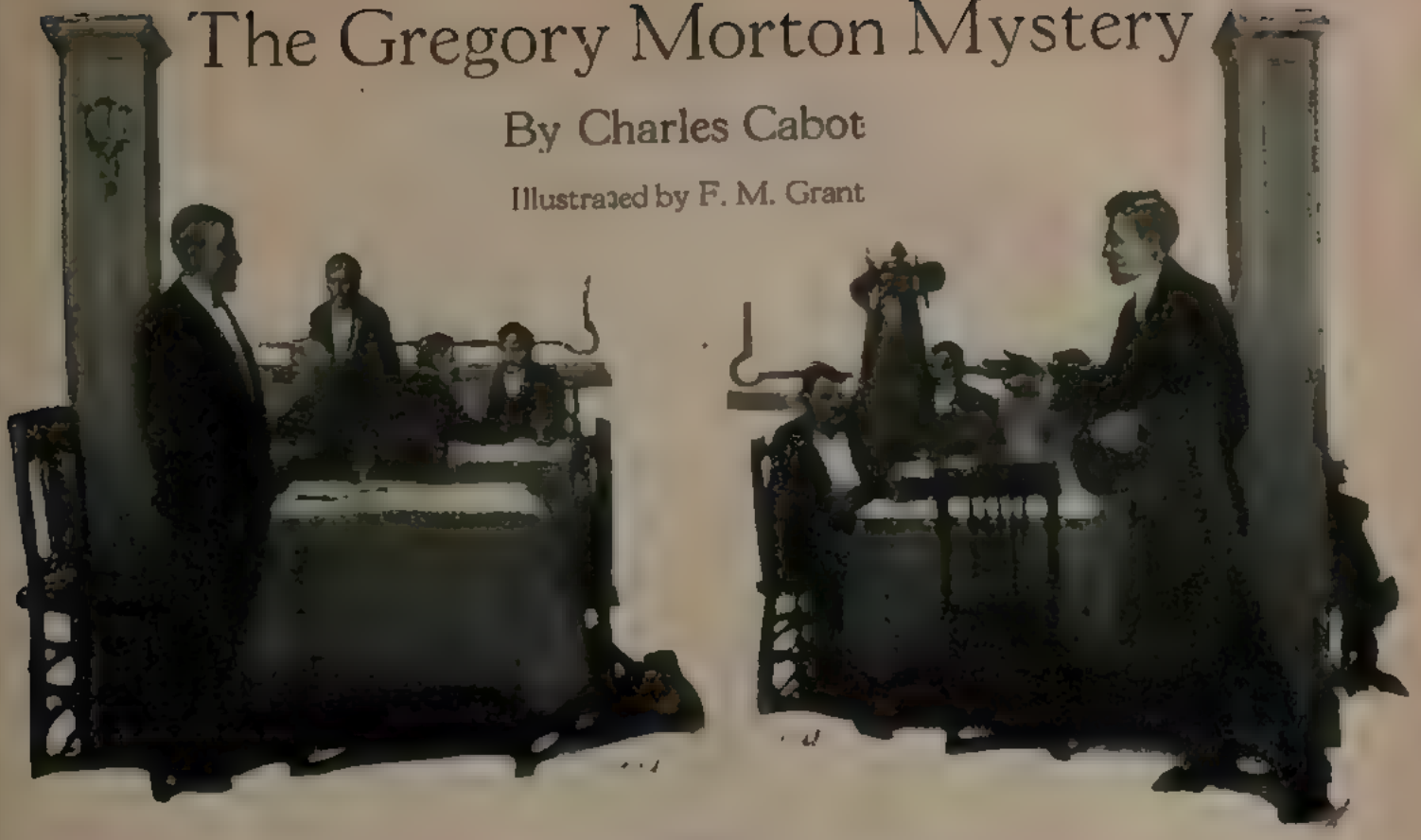
A cheerful disposition is rather to be desired than an eighty-dollar rod.

The ways that led us to the trout streams of Algonquin were endowed with a beauty that sank into our souls

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by F. M. Grant



CHAPTER XII.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN

WE had not been in Paris half an hour before I satisfied the doctor that I knew the city, as he expressed it, "like the palm of my hand."

Almost every other minute during our long cab drive from the Gare du Nord to his apartment overlooking the Seine and the Quai St. Michel, I had recognized and instinctively called by their right names the streets, squares, and public buildings.

The doctor hailed every one of these discoveries with a delight which convinced me how seriously he would have been disappointed had I failed. I put the final touches on his enthusiasm when he told me that he was planning to dine at one of the restaurants on his way home. It was his usual practise, he said, for he detested dining in solitary state in his bachelor apartment, which was the only home he possessed.

"In that case," said I, signaling the driver to stop as I spoke, "we cannot do better than dine right here."

The doctor laughed like a boy.

"No truer word was ever spoken," said he, for the place I had indicated was a little restaurant which makes up for its modest pretensions by a world-wide reputation among true epicures.

The average tourist, with his nose in a Baedeker, goes by it without a glance.

When the serious business of ordering dinner was out of the way—and it may be noted that the doctor delegated this task to me—we settled down to talk over our plans for the future.

"Your evident knowledge of the city," said the doctor, "makes our course for the next few days, at least, a plain one. I mean to leave you to yourself. I want you to assume the most irresponsible, care-free attitude of mind of which you are capable, and to wander about the streets alone wherever your fancy or your instinct takes you.

"Don't seriously try to make discoveries; but when you see an omnibus that has a familiar look, climb up on the roof of it and ride until you feel like climbing down. When you hear the name of a place that sounds familiar, hop into a cab and drive there. That may seem a rather haphazard course of procedure to you, but I shall be surprised if we do not develop something valuable that way."

"Likely enough," said I, "but it seems to me the time you allow for it is rather short. If you had said a month, I should feel more sanguine."

"That is quite true," said the doctor, "but by the end of the week I shall feel strongly disinclined to let you go wandering about this city without a companion."

"You mystify me completely!" I exclaimed. "Why should Paris be safe for me the first week and unsafe thereafter?"

Synopsis.

A smartly dressed young man, seated upon a bench under a sturdy old shade tree, arose suddenly, stretched himself and asked: "Where am I?"

"Just one moment and I will bring Dr. Berry," the one addressed finally managed to stutter.

"Dr. Berry—hospital—guard—why am I here? What is my name? Where did I come from?" The young man looked wistfully after the guard. He could remember nothing about himself. Dr. Berry told him that his name was Andrew Meiklejohn and that he had been employed as a house painter when he had suffered a fall. Whoever he was, the young man knew that Dr. Berry was lying. He was convinced of this when later that day Dr. Berry gave him drugged food. Confined in a small upper room of what he figured was a sanitarium, the patient set to work to figure out a method and avenue of escape. Finding paper in a drawer, he spent more than an hour in writing. Hiding his manuscript under the mattress he settled down to await developments. Dr. Berry came within a few minutes to inquire regarding his health and to order him for a walk in the park surrounding the sanitarium. This was exactly what the patient wanted—to be released from the building and out in the open, even if under a heavy guard. By means of some Oriental tricks the patient overpowered his two guards, took what money they had, jumped over the wall and was once more a free man. Taking train back to New York City, the patient wandered about for several days and finally wound up at Coney Island, where chance gave him a job as a piano player at a "board walk" cafe.

Here he is recognized and captured by Duggleby, who apparently is determined to return the patient to the sanitarium. A French doctor rescues him by a daring trick. Becoming interested in his case, the doctor christens him "Simon Barras" and takes him to France, hoping to find there clues to his identity. On the steamer are the lady of his dreams, and her father.

"There is too little mystery about it," he said. "We are quite sure, you and I, that we saw your friend Mr. Duggleby left safely behind us on the pier when the steamer sailed. We are quite sure that he did not take the same ship. No other ship sailed from New York till Saturday.

"Therefore, I think it very doubtful that any serious attempt will be made upon your personal safety before either Mr. Duggleby himself or a letter from him can reach Paris. He would hardly attempt to negotiate such a matter by cable. Supposing that he or his letter reaches Paris next Sunday, and then adding two or three days more for the delay he or his agents would probably experience in finding out your whereabouts, you have the week of comparative security that I spoke of."

"Do you seriously imagine—" I began, but he interrupted me bruskly.

"I seriously imagine," he said, "that the only thing which can baffle us in our search for your lost identity, the only absolutely fatal blunder we could make, would result from a too negligent dismissal of that very remarkable young man from our calculations."

I had a feeling, inevitable perhaps to one of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, that the doctor's estimate of young Duggleby was a little theatrical, even melodramatic, but a few moments' quiet thought, which his Gallic tact took care not to interrupt, convinced me that he was probably more nearly right than I. His judgment at any rate, would lead one to err on the safe side.

"Well," said I finally, "I promise you this: he may beat me, but if he does, it will be face to face. He shall never have another chance to pinion my arms from behind."

"Good," said the doctor. "And now, as a reward for your docility, I will tell you something. I will tell you something which I hope will brighten a little the cloud which I have seen hanging over you ever since we lost sight of the venerable Mr. Heatherfield and his charming daughter."

"You know where they are?" I asked quickly.

"Thanks to a little innocent eavesdropping, I do," he replied. "They are here, in Paris. I know the address of the *pension* where they are stopping, and I infer from the fact that it is a *pension*, instead of an hotel, that their stay will be of moderately long duration."

"Where is it?" I asked eagerly.

He smiled in a rather staid, elderly way over my enthusiasm.

"When one places a compass in a ship," he said, "one takes care not to place a magnet too near it. I want you to discover your own Paris, not to rotate in the orbit of a planet about a certain number on a certain street."

I was none too well pleased with his decision, but I saw the justice of it and said so.

"You are a good child," he said affectionately, "and you may be sure of this: I shall keep careful watch. If they change their place of residence, I shall know it. You shall not lose them again, you may trust me for that."

Three days later, over the same little table, in the same restaurant, I reported progress to the doctor. I had seen little of him in the interval, for the simple reason that I had spent every day, from early morning, or what passes for early morning in Paris, until late at night, which is very late indeed, in driving about the city in accordance with his instructions.

As a result of this I came to a certain curious conclusion, of which I wished to inform the doctor.

"I have been a model tourist," said I. "I am confident that no man at present within the circle of the fortifications has spent so idly busy, or so busily idle, a three days. I have wandered from Pere La Chaise to the Bois du Boulogne; from the Lion of Belfort to Montmartre. I have visited the Louvre and the Moulin Rouge, and pretty much everything that comes between.

"In the course of my wanderings I have found what is beyond doubt the most attractive place in Paris to me—to the instinctive man, that is, with whom I have been trying to experiment. I will give you a million guesses as to what that most attractive place is."

"As if I had the patience to waste even three," said the doctor. "Tell me."

"A railway-station," said I, "the Orleans station."

The doctor's face fell, as I was sure it would.

"I am disappointed in you," he said half-playfully. "The inference is all too clear. The man you were had not the good taste to live in Paris as he undoubtedly might have done. Well, we must follow your elusive self, if it takes us to the world's end. Have you any plan for setting about it?"

"Yes," said I. "It is a very simple one, but I think it ought to work. I shall have to trespass upon an hour of your time to-morrow morning, though."

"An hour!" he said. "But I am going with you."

"No, that will not be necessary," I assured him. "All that I shall need is your company to the station and your highly diverting conversation up to the moment when I ask the man inside the window for my ticket. I want to approach that window without a single idea of my journey or my possible destination in my mind.

"Of course, if my instinctive self fails to come up to the scratch at the critical moment, we shall have to follow some other and more laborious course, but if the name of some city on the railway line does pop into my mind at the critical moment, I shall be able to explore that place, wherever it may be, quite as well without your help as with it."

He assented enthusiastically to the plan as a whole, but demurred a little to the last part of it.

"I suppose you are right," he admitted grudgingly, "though I should like to have an excuse to run off with you."

"You may get it before I am very many hours away," said I. "If I find I need you, I shall telegraph."

As I had learned from previous experience confidently to expect, my lost inner self responded instantly to the test I had put upon it. I had taken my place in the line before the window the next morning, chatting enthusiastically with the doctor about a certain singer who was making her reputation at the Opera Comique, my mind in a state of perfect blank as to my present surroundings.

When I reached the wicket I confidently shoved thirty francs across the counter to the man inside, and said

"One first-class to Tours."

I accepted the ticket and the change which he returned to me and came away from the window, my mind still so fully occupied with the previous subject of our conversation that I failed to realize how completely the experiment had worked until the excitement shining in the doctor's face recalled it to me.

I was conscious during that four hours' ride to Tours of an excitement that mounted higher and higher in my veins as we rushed on through the strangely familiar landscape. At every stop we made the hoarse voices of the men on the platform proclaiming the name of the station recalled new floods of memories.

The picture of the home which I had crossed the seas to seek etched itself more vividly and in more minute detail upon my mind.

When I dismounted from the train at Tours I was so excited that I could hardly hold myself back to suit the languid pace of the porter to whom I handed my bag.

One sensible consideration did occur to me. I stopped in the station long enough to deposit the bag in the parcel-room and to take a check for it. Where my explorations were going to take me I, of course, had no idea, but I felt reasonably sure that I should return to Tours for the night.

I thrust the check for my bag into a pocket, along with my loose change and hurried out to spring into the nearest cab.

There was not an article in the room that did not cry aloud that it was mine

"Rue Nationale," I said to the driver "and out across the stone bridge After that, I will tell you."

Paris had been familiar, exceedingly so, but Paris is nothing to this Over nearly every shop-front was a name that went to my heart like the hand-clasp of an old friend. The very signs on the tram-cars, as they went filing past me on their single track, tooting their absurd little horns, were poignant with association.

By the time we had reached the end of the street and passed between the two-seated monumental figures that flanked the approach to the bridge, the tears were streaming down my face, and every nerve in my body was tingling Ah! I had nearly reached my journey's end now —there could be no doubt of that

The broad rambling Loire, with its low sandy islands rising from its shallows was behind us Our meager little horse was climbing laboriously, and presently we emerged at the cross-roads beside the St Symphorien post-office With my walking-stick, I pointed out the road we were to take I could not command my voice to utterance.

For perhaps a mile we drove on. Then, as we reached the crest of a little hill, I cried out to the driver to stop With trembling fingers I thrust a twenty-france piece into his hand

"Go back!" I cried. "I am through with you"

He stared at me as though he thought me mad, for we were upon a country road, with no building whatever within perhaps a quarter of a mile of us but the gold piece in his palm was a powerful argument to do my bidding The little horse wheeled around and clattered away in a cloud of dust, and I was left alone Alone, as for a little while I wished to be

For, from the low eminence upon which I stood, I saw before my eyes, rising from the fertile little valley like a solitary jewel in its setting, the chateau of my dreams, the home which in anything but my dreams I had hardly dared hope to find

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SECRET ROOM

IT was nearly an hour later that I rang the bell at the great gate of the main entrance to the park surrounding the chateau.

In that interval, by thinking hard about my French doctor and what his advice to me on such an occasion would certainly have been, I had calmed myself sufficiently to appear before whoever opened the gate in the character of a casual sightseer.

I had a wild hope that the assumption of this role might not prove neces-

sary; that whoever opened the gate at my summons would greet me with a welcome home—would cry out in the instant of recognition the name I once had borne. I dared not entertain such a hope as that, and it was well I did not.

The figure I presently saw approaching to unlock the gate was a totally unfamiliar one to me. Furthermore, it became plain the next moment that all he saw in me was the omnipresent tourist, and all that he welcomed about me was the prospect of a liberal tip.

He was a youngish man, very thin, the thinness extending to his dust-colored hair and his weak, patchy beard. He had a rather sinister look, I thought, but attributed it to his misfortune in being extremely wall-eyed.

I told him that I wished, if I could without trespassing, to have a look at the place.

"But most assuredly, *monsieur*," he said with enthusiasm.

"My guide-book does not appear to mention the chateau," said I, as I entered the gate. "May I ask to whom it belongs?"

"It is the property of foreigners," said the gate-keeper. "An American lady and her son lived here for many years. But she died and he went away. Since that time the chateau has been closed."

"Foreigners, you say?" I commented. His answer fitted so exactly into the frame of my hopes that I craved the additional assurance of hearing him repeat it.

"Yes, *monsieur*," he said.

"And the name?" I asked.

My heart was racing so fast it almost suffocated me, but I dare say the tone of my query was casual enough.

"I was not here; I did not come here until after they had gone away," said the lodge-keeper. "It was a foreign name and difficult to remember."

"An American lady and her son, you say. Surely you have some recollection of the name. What did it sound like, even if you can't recall it exactly?"

"As I said," he answered, "I was not here, and I did not come till after they had gone."

It may have been the obliquity of his eyes which gave me the impression, but I thought that my interest in the names of these foreigners caused him to glance at me a little suspiciously.

"I am sorry I can't remember," he went on. "Has *monsieur* any special interest in the matter?"

If by pretending he was about to repeat the name he had deliberately planned to trap me into an expression of impatience over his failure to do so, the trap had worked. His quick glance had caught, I was sure, my shrug of irritation. There was nothing for me now but to assume the part of the casual sightseer again as best I could.

"Not an interest in the world," said I. "I was merely curious as to your reason for making a secret of what I could learn at any neighboring farmhouse."

I set out briskly up the driveway as I spoke, and he, after what appeared to be a moment of indecision, came hurrying after me.

"One moment, *monsieur*," he called after me—"one moment, and I will be with you."

With that, he disappeared into the lodge. I strolled slowly up the drive, and when I heard him come out I quickened my pace, expecting him to hurry on at once and overtake me.

He was still two or three yeards behind when I reached a point where a comparatively obscure path left the drive at a sharp angle. The chateau was hidden from view at this point by trees and shrubbery, but without hesitation, and completely without thought, I turned up the narrow path.

It was a complete betrayal, but I did not realize it at the time. My instinctive self had simply walked me up that path, and when the lodge-keeper from the driveway called me back I stood for a moment, bewildered, between my two personalities—the old and the new. I even started to ask.

"Has anything been changed?" so certain was I that my narrow path would lead me right, so clearly had I in mind the picture of the carved stone doorway at the end of it.

"This way, *monsieur*, this way," called the lodge-keeper insistently.

What served better than anything else to rouse me was my discovery of the fact that he had a small camera with him.

"What are you doing with that?" I asked sharply.

"Oh, I make photographs of the grounds to sell to tourists," said the man. "I thought my stroll about the place with you would afford a good opportunity."

Of course he was lying, and I experienced for a moment, a hot-tempered man's impulse to kick his precious camera to pieces. I felt morally certain that he had seized the moment of my hesitation there on the path to take a picture of me. The sun had been shining straight in my face at the time, I remembered.

I conquered the impulse, however, and as best I could held down my rising suspicions of the man. It would be rather absurd for me to go through life suspecting every person I saw of being an agent in a dark conspiracy against myself. If I was not mistaken that sort of idea was characteristic of a well-known form of insanity.

The lodge-keeper and I walked on up the main driveway until we came in sight of the chateau. There, off at the corner to the left, was the doorway to which my path had offered a short cut. I started toward it, but again the lodge-keeper stopped me.

"Pardon, *monsieur*," said he; "it is not permitted to show visitors the house."

I stared at him.

"That was not what you said at the gate," I observed.

"*Monsieur* misunderstood me," said he. "The grounds are all I am at liberty to show."

He was speaking in the dogged, defiant manner of one who knows the weakness of his position.

"You say the house has been unoccupied a long time," I asked.

"Yes," said he.

"Is there a single living person inside it now?"

The appearance of the place was enough to provide an answer. After a moment's hesitation, he decided to tell me the truth.

"No," he admitted.

I plunged my hand in my pocket where I had some gold along with my loose change. It was no time for half measures, and I drew out a gold Napoleon.

"For all I can see," said I, "you can still tell your employer that you have obeyed his rules. I don't know who will contradict you."

As I drew my hand from my pocket a bit of paper fluttered away on the grass. It blew in his direction and he picked it up, stealing a good look at it before he returned it to me. It proved to be nothing but the check for my bag in the parcel room at the station, so I thought the insolence of his action hardly worth resenting.

"Come," said I, "am I to see the interior?"

He had already pocketed my Napoleon.

"If you insist, *monsieur*," said he.

The man's manner made it clear that he was really nervous about the consequences of his act in admitting me. In order to calm him I settled myself firmly into the role of a mere inquisitive tourist.

It was a hard one to maintain, Heaven knows. There was not a room, not a piece of furniture, that did not go straight to my heart with its look of absolute familiarity. This old chateau could represent no mere incident in my past life. It must have been the actual scene of the greater part of it.

After we had finished our inspection of the ground floor, I led the way upstairs. Then, without pausing and without appearing to notice his grumblings of protest, went on up another flight and down a passageway into a large chamber formed by one of the immense turrets at the corners of the building.

It was a charming room, blazing with sunshine, partly surrounded by windows. It was plainly furnished, but there was not an article in the room that did not cry aloud that it was mine and offer me a welcome home.

I walked away from my guide into the deep embrasure of one of the windows. I wanted the chance to turn my back on my companion,—wanted, for a moment, to let the wild intoxication of happiness that was struggling in my face have expression.

I put my hand against the wall, more for support than anything else, but the familiar touch of the black walnut wainscoting seemed somehow to lead my fingers on over its dusty carvings, and then at a certain spot to arrest them. I pressed sharply, and it gave beneath my fingers.

My guide uttered a cry of astonishment. One of the great walnut panels was sliding back in a groove, revealing a secret chamber! For a moment he stood rooted where he was, staring alternately at me and into the bare little room which the touch of my hand had revealed.

Then, without a word, he wheeled about, ran along the passage, and went clattering off down the stairs.

The sound of his fleeing footsteps came echoing up to me through the empty house, and then I heard the slamming of the door through which we had entered the chateau.

For a moment the thought that he meant to keep me a prisoner greatly alarmed me, but that feeling soon passed away. It is easy to lock a man out of a house, but hard to lock him into it, unless it has been specially prepared for the purpose.

I looked curiously into the little room which the sliding panel had revealed. It was a tiny cube of a place, a mere recess in the thickness of the walls of the turret, and it appeared to contain nothing but some broken-down furniture. As a test of my familiarity with the chateau, however, it was absolutely decisive.

I went back to my window, from which I could command a considerable portion of the driveway. The lodge-keeper was still running when I got my first view of him; then his pace slackened, and presently he stopped. He seemed to be trying to decide between two courses of action.

It took him only a moment to make up his mind, however, and the next I saw of him he was walking briskly away down the drive like a man who knows exactly what he is going to do, but has no reason to exhaust himself with excessive haste.

I was strongly tempted to remain there in the chateau a while longer. Surely, somewhere within those four massive walls I could find the answer to my secret, but my promise to the doctor occurred to me. I had told him I would not permit myself to be caught in a trap; that I would not underestimate either the audacity or the cleverness of my enemies.

Really, my secret was solved already. I knew—I was ready to take my oath—that I was the son of the American lady who had lived in this chateau. His identity I could learn anywhere and quite without risk. Rather regretfully, I took my way down the stairs again and let myself out of the chateau through one of the French windows which opened on the south terrace.

The conviction was strong upon me that I had often walked in the garden yonder, with friends.

I had nearly reached the gate, though I was quite hidden from view of it by a turn in the driveway and a heavy growth of shrubbery and timber, when I heard the sound of voices. The first was old, cracked, and obsequious, and I hazarded the guess that it belonged to the mother of my friend, the lodge-keeper.

She seemed to be tugging at the gate and apologizing for her slowness in getting it open. Apparently I was not to be the only visitor at the chateau to-day.

"It is not permitted for the carriage to enter," she was saying, "but *monsieur* and *mademoiselle* are most welcome. My son has gone away, but myself—I can show you everything as well as he, though I am old."

And then came a voice that startled me. I had been on the point of walking out into view around the curve, but at the sound of it I stopped short where I was. It was a man's voice, an old voice, too, I thought; and though I did not immediately place it, there was no doubt that it was familiar. He was speaking laboriously in very broken French.

"We are not sightseers, *madame*," he said; "we have come to see Mr. Christopher Morton. This is his house, is it not?"

The conviction was strong upon me that I had walked in that garden with friends

CHAPTER XIV

WHAT THE BREESE BROUGHT ME.

CHRISTOPHER MORTON! At the sound of the words my mind began racing madly like the propeller of a steamship out of the water

Continued on page 317.

That Yard of Yours

Suggestions for the Amateur Gardener who desires to beautify the home lot with the most attractive varieties of flowers and vines

By F. C. Burgess and Warren Mason

Illustrated from Photographs

FORTUNATELY for most of us, the success of a flower garden is not measured by its size or by the number of plants which it contains. Moreover, a good garden is not necessarily one which includes many rare flowers Prof. Liberty H. Bailey of Cornell, declares that the flowers which he likes best happen to be the ones which are easiest to grow. The list of easily grown flowers is longer, too, than one might imagine. Probably it includes your favorites—the sweet pea, the nasturtium, the morning glory and scarlet runner bean, the zinnias, four o'clocks and marigolds, bachelor's buttons, petunias, annual phlox, verbenas, poppies, pansies and asters. You won't undertake to grow them all, unless you have a large garden, but you will have pleasure in growing several different varieties of each species.

Take a bit of advice, and grow named varieties in so far as you can. It is well worth while getting on friendly, not to say intimate, terms with your garden flowers and how can you do that unless you can call them by name! To many people a blossom is a blossom only, but they lose half the fun of garden making. If you grow sweet peas or dahlias or gladiolis get named sorts by all means and label them so that you can identify them and get to know them well. Above all, know your roses, if you grow those queenly flowers. It is a shame to have Caroline Testout, Frau Karl Druschki and Lady Gay standing like numbered children in an orphan asylum. Do you now speak of "that beautiful red rose the third from the end of the row," or "the big white rose near the fence?" It will be real missionary work if I get you only to know your roses by name. You will then recognize that persistent little bloomer, with a white flower that blossoms all summer, as Clothilde Soubert, and recommend it to your friends as the best rose for a very little garden where striking effects are not sought.

EXCEPT the roses, dahlias and gladioli, I have spoken mostly of annuals. Of course they will not give very early blossoms, except the pansies, which may be sown the previous Fall. You may have early flowers by planting bulbs in the Fall and you can make the season earlier by buying a few plants of various kinds in Spring. For the most part, though, you will no doubt be content to sow seeds of the annuals in April, May and June. The plants will come into bloom very early. It is worth while buying a few dahlia roots and gladiolus bulbs, there are so many fine varieties now. The former should go into ground which has been well and deeply worked and then enriched with decayed stable manure or a little dried sheep manure. The latter material, by the way, is an excellent fertilizer to use in small gardens, because it is concentrated and free from weed seeds. It costs two dollars for a hundred pounds, which will go a long way; or twenty-five pounds may be bought for seventy-five cents It may be mixed with the soil or given in the form of manure water, the strength being gauged by the color, about that of weak tea. All seedsmen handle it.

But to get back to our dahlias. They may be planted in May about three feet apart and the ground about them should be cultivated frequently. Only two shoots should be allowed to grow, and by pinching out the heart, the plant will be made to grow into a bushy form so that staking will not be needed. Many gardeners, however, prefer to provide stakes.

The gladiolus is very effective when grown in masses, but is also splendid for cutting. If a spike is cut just as the first blossom at the bottom opens and is put in water, it will remain in bloom for a week or more. The colors are glorious and many acres of these plants are grown each year to provide table decorations for the hotels. They should be planted every two weeks from the first of May to the first of July in order to have a long season.

They will grow in almost any soil, but it is well to have it rather rich. The smaller bulbs should be planted first. The size of the bulb does not determine the size of the flower. Some of the best varieties have small bulbs. Planting should be from three to six inches deep and four to six inches apart. If grown for cutting, the plants may stand in rows a foot apart, to make cultivating easy. Stakes are needed, but several bulbs may be planted in a circle and the plants trained to one stake. Manure water once a week is good for them.

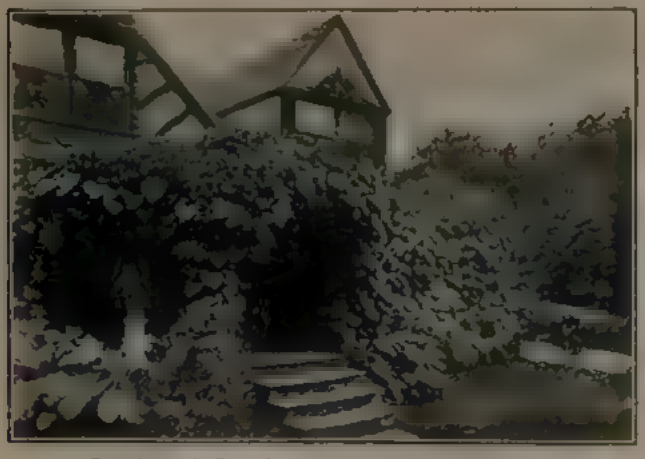
Mention of the value of the gladiolus for cutting, suggests the thought that many other flowers will be wanted for this purpose, for every garden-maker with the spirit of love in his heart wants flowers to give away. If there is room enough, it is an excellent plan to devote a little ground to blossoms for cutting, growing the plants in rows and cultivating them like vegetables—with the wheel hoe, perhaps. There are some flowers like the sweet peas and pansies which fairly urge us to cut them. If we fail to do so they go to seed and stop blooming. If the pansies begin to show signs of running out in mid-summer, fertilize them and remove a little of the plant with the blossoms, which will, in effect, be pruning them. Pansies will grow in partial shade and like shelter from the rays of the sun in the middle of the day; but don't try to grow them under trees, for they will be leggy and unsatisfactory

Early and deep planting is the secret of sweet pea culture. It is well to plant the seeds in a trench and to fill it little by little as the plants grow. The ground should be rich, but stable manure is prone to breed cut worms. The plants do better when exposed to the air and sunlight on all sides than when grown against a building. Chicken wire or brush may be used to support them, but the brush is the better. It may be bought at seed stores if there is no place near at hand for cutting it. The plants need a lot of water and appreciate an application of liquid manure once a week. If the season is dry and hot, it is well to mulch the ground with hay or straw. Sweet peas are easy to grow if they get the kind of treatment they demand. Otherwise they are likely to prove disappointing. If you have had no success, or, as you probably will declare, no luck, with sweet peas in the past, try these simple directions and see if your luck does not change.

The snapdragons (Antirrhinum) are fine for cutting. They will delight the children, too, for each little blossom will open its mouth when the finger is pressed beneath it. Give them a sunny location and they will give you flowers from mid-summer to frost. Indeed, by sowing the seed in the Fall, you can get flowers much earlier than mid-summer.

The annual pinks are old favorites for cut flowers. The seed may be sown out doors as soon as the danger of frost has passed and you will be picking flowers almost before you realize the fact. Ordinarily they will live over with a little protection and bloom profusely the second season. Choose the double sorts and plant them in the sun.

You will want mignonette, of course, but in order to have a long season, the first sowing in April must be followed by another in July.



Dutchman's Pipe is a strong grower with huge, heavy leaves and a flower of brownish color

The annual poppies are not commonly classed as cut flowers, because people do not know how to make them last in the house. Try taking a tall vase into the garden early in the morning and cutting the blossoms which are just ready to expand. Put them directly into the water and you will be surprised at the result.

Did you ever try flowering the morning glory in the house. Get up early some fine morning and pick a handful of buds. Place them in a vase on the breakfast table and call the family for the morning meal. There will be more than once exclamation of surprise as the blossoms unfold before their eyes. The little experiment may be repeated at night with moon flowers.

There are many other flowers excellent for house decoration and to give away—the Scabiosa or mourning bride, ten weeks stocks, annual larkspurs and so on, but when all is said, there are few more popular flowers for the purpose than the every-day, unpretentious nasturtium. Fill a fish globe with the fresh, cheerful blossoms and you have an ideal table decoration, the stems which show through the glass adding to the effect. They will grow in almost any soil, but like plenty of sun. Nasturtiums are most accommodating. Sow the seeds in rather poor soil and you will get a great number of blossoms. Sow them in very rich ground and you will get few flowers but a great mass of foliage, which will make an ideal screen. If you want an impenetrable hedge, make the ground rich and grow climbing nasturtiums on a chicken wire trellis. If you want a low, border-like hedge, with plenty of color, sow seeds of the dwarf nasturtiums in soil which is not very rich; a support will not be needed

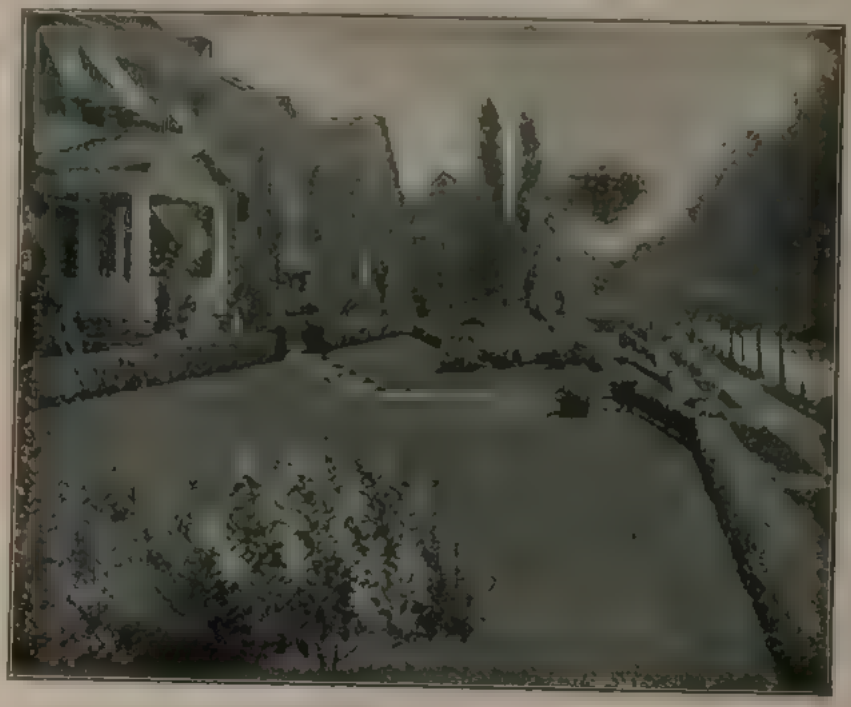
A hedge of Japan Barberry

The easy-going garden-maker likes plants which flourish with a minimum of care; perhaps, with a modicum of care, would be phrasing it better. In this list come zinnias, marigolds, salvia and portulaca in addition to nasturtiums. It is well to grow the bright red flowers against a back ground of green to take away the fiery effect. Salvias are sometimes banked against cannas with good results. Beds of zinnias look best at a little distance and if there must be beds on the lawn, they are useful, the green of the grass tempering the bright colors of the flowers The portulacas are the gayest little flowers imaginable and willing to do their best to make the world more cheerful if given the least encouragement. They may even be transplanted when in full flower, which is something very few plants will endure and go right on blooming as though nothing had happened. They delight in the hot sunlight and will grow well in sandy soil. Pretty edgings for walks may be made with them, if they are kept in bounds, and they are especially good for the sea shore garden They spread rapidly and frequently appear in considerable numbers the second

year. Their persistency may be explained by the fact that they are cousins of that thrifty garden weed known as pusley. Some of the double sorts are particularly handsome and these flowers are well worth growing in any garden which is not of too formal a type

Much of the success of a flower garden will depend upon the initial preparation of the soil. The main thing is to have it spaded thoroughly, and deeply. The soil should be made just as fine as possible. Manure may be applied if very well rotted and then should be carefully mixed with the earth.

Most amateur garden makers are willing to carry water if necessary but too often their labor is wasted. Mere surface wetting is worse than none at all. It is better not to give water so often, but to thoroughly soak the ground each time. Evenings or cloudy days are good occasions for applying water. After all, though, cultivation is even more important than watering. Stirring the soil keeps the moisture in the ground. When the surface of the ground is hard, you may be sure that the moisture is being rapidly evaporated. Even after a heavy wetting down, the soil should be raked over as soon as dry enough. That keeps the water in the earth and helps to postpone the next watering day.



English Privet can be clipped to any shape and makes an excellent border hedge

Vines have been described as "Nature's beautifier," and; inded, there is scarcely a place but what may be beautified by some sort of vines. For hard, cold uninviting walls of houses, bleak sides of brick and stone, nothing softens them and adds beauty like the hardy vines. For the unlovely corner of the yard, the hideous unpainted fence, the outbuildings or scores of such places, the annual vines, rapid of growth, green of foliage and bright of blossoms, are the best to plant.

All are ornamental, however, and both sorts to be desired. Among the favorite quick-growing annual vines should be included the Runner Beans, several varieties of Morning Glories, the Variegated Japanese Hop Vine, the Cardinal Climber, Wild or California Cucumber and the Climbing Cypress. Varieties of climbing gourds are interesting, but better for low places like fences as the foliage is not thick.

If you have a long stretch of stone wall or fence, the most economical is the old fashioned Virginia Creeper. It will thrive wonderfully and cover anywhere from twenty feet to a hundred yards of wall with an astonishingly small quantity of seeds. Always soak vine seeds in warm water at least three hours before planting, and if the soil is at all good they will thrive with no further care.

But for high walls, sides of buildings, about dead trees and all such places, the hardy vine is to be preferred. Its first year's growth is slow, but thereafter it grows with astonishing rapidity. The list which follows includes vines with showy flowers, others with flowers that are unsurpassed for fragrance, still others notable for their foliage, some that cling by aerial rootlets to brick, stone or wood and need no tying-up or training, and some that require support, but which, in return for the satisfaction of this simple demand, will clamber to the very peak of the roof and cover the house with foliage and blossom.

If a list of the best vines were sought from planters familiar with their habits and characteristics, the result, very likely, would show some little disagreement. Personal taste and preference would prejudice the selection. But if ten such lists were assembled, it is more than probable that all of them would make mention of the following ten:

Actinidia arguta, the silver vine.
Akebia quinata.
Ampelopsis Veitchi, Boston or Japanese ivy.
Aristolochia sipho, Dutchman's pipe vine.
Clematis in variety
Euonymus in variety.
Hydrangea scandens, or Schizophragma Hydrangeoides, climbing Hydrangea
Lonicera in variety, Honeysuckle.
Wistaria in variety.
Peuraria Thumbergiana, Kudzu vine.

For the last, however, Celastrus scandens, the bitter sweet, or the vitis in variety, the wild grapes, might be substituted. But there is little question about the superiority of the others on the list. Room, of course, might be found for the trumpet vine, Bignonia, but its flowers are not pleasing to many and, to others, its disposition to spread and take possession of quarters where it is not wanted makes it undesirable. For much the same reason, Ampelopsis Veitchi is named specifically instead of including other varieties of the group, such as the Virginia Creeper. The latter is coarser, more rampant and so voracious a feeder that its roots eventually explore every foot of available soil, absorb every morsel of plant food in the ground and leave grass, trees, shrubs and flowers to starve.

Actinidia is of Japanese origin and one of the rapidly-growing perennial vines, with clean, glossy-green foliage and greenish-white flowers, borne in July and followed by clusters of yellow fruits. The fruits, too, are edible, but hardly agreeable and are best left for the birds. The Akebia is another vine of Japanese origin, a charming climber, with small, deep-green foliage and, in early spring, with clusters of chocolate-colored flowers with a pleasant cinnamon fragrance. It is of greatest service where a screen is wanted but where at the same time, too dense a shade might be objectionable.

The Boston Ivy, Ampelopsis Veitchi, is popular the country over. For covering walls, whether of stone, brick, concrete or wood, it is unsurpassed. It establishes itself but slowly, however, and not much should be expected of it before the third season. In setting it out, cut it down to within two or three inches of the surface of the ground. Its new shoots will then make unerringly for the nearest support and attach themselves to this firmly and quickly. To induce it to spread over a wider area of wall, pinch back the new shoots when they are a foot high and repeat this process as often as may be necessary. Ampelopsis Lowii is another good clinging vine, a little hardier, perhaps, than A. Veitchi and somewhat more likely to cling to smoother surfaces.

Dutchman's Pipe, the Aristolochia is a strong grower, with huge, heavy

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His Bit

By Beth Porter Sherwood

Illustrated by Bruce Cameron

THE whole population of the little town was gathered at the rail road station. For an hour from all points of the compass people had converged toward this common centre The merchant had closed his store, the lawyer his office, the teacher his school and all had assembled to welcome back a few battered heroes, invalided home, who had gone out in the pride of their young manhood to do gallant service for King and Empire.

Flags were everywhere. Ladies had them pinned to their coats, boys and men wore them in their hat bands, automobiles were smothered in them and horses flaunted them in their bridles; while from the flag-pole on the station the municipal ensign floated in majestic serenity.

On the platform immediately in front of the station was a solid phalanx of the solid citizens headed by the mayor and aldermen; and back and beyond and on either side were rows and rows of men and women each trying to get as near as possible to the place where the train would come to a stand-still.

In the trees beside the track small boys shouted and clung and even upon the station roof were assorted sizes of the more daring.

By and by, "She's coming. I see the smoke," was shouted from one of the more advantageous positions and almost immediately from beyond the crossing, came the shriek of the engine and while people shouted themselves hoarse the train, with clanging bell, rolled in and stopped, and then the maimed and halt with faces drawn with suffering came bravely forth, and eager hands reached out to help and cheerful voices uttered words of praise and appreciation and many eyes were dim as mother or sister went forward to meet and greet a loved one.

At the back of the crowd a man, still under forty, with grizzled hair, dark mustache and kindly grey eyes, looked over the throng. He did not go forward to greet the guests of honor. "Others have a better right," would have been his explanation had he been questioned, "and I'll see them later."

Time after time he stepped back or made a place for some one not so tall to get a better view. A mist obscured his sight and he turned away his head

People had converged toward this common centre to welcome back a few battered heroes

as the boys, spent and broken, came from the train.

Occasionally his glance turned toward a tall, shabbily dressed young woman who stood by herself on the outskirts of the crowd. No one spoke to her and she spoke to no one and in all that dense throng she was as much alone as she would have been on an uninhabited island.

The man's eyes grew pitiful as he noted the fierce despair in the girl's dark stormy eyes as they were turned for a moment in his direction. "Poor thing, she's up against it in some way," was his mental comment. "I wonder if she was expecting some one who did not come. She looks as it she did not have a friend in the world."

"'Lo, Jim, quite a crowd out isn't there?" said an acquaintance making his way to the man's side.

"Uhm, yes."

"Pretty badly used up, some of those boys."

"Yes."

"Some of them, poor fellows, will never come back. There's several that are dead or missing and God help anybody that's a prisoner of those Germans."

"Amen," breathed Jim softly.

His friend looked at him perplexedly. "How'd you like to have gone?" he ventured.

"They wouldn't have me," replied Jim succinctly.

"Huh, is that so? Offer?"

"Yes."

"Well you might've knowed they wouldn't take you."

"I'd be all right for work in the trenches," insisted Jim. Then, "Say, Dawson, who is that young woman over there. I've seen her a number of times but I don't know her name?"

"That dark, good-looking girl there, alone by herself?"

"Yes."

Dawson laughed significantly and spat before replying. "Oh, she's a war widow. Not that she's ever been married but she's got a war baby. Fellow was killed in one of them awful battles. They say he fought like a perfect demon and might 'a' got off but he stopped to help a man that was

hurt and—they got him. Probably he'd have married her if he'd come back but—well, he didn't.'

"But the girl; she seems so desolate, is there no consideration shown her for her husband's sake?"

"I tell you she wasn't married, and you know how much consideration is shown to an unmarried mother"

"Is she respectable?" pursued Jim

"You make me tired," burst out his friend. "How could she be respectable? I've heard she's always behaved herself except, except—There, you see how she's regarded."

He nodded his head toward several young men who passed her, one of whom addressed some words to her while the others laughed insolently and bade their companion "Come on."

Her thoughts were of the brave though irresponsible young life that went out in the awful carnage

The color flamed into the girl's cheeks and her hands clenched involuntarily, but she neither moved nor spoke.

'You see?"

"Uhm, yes, the chivalry of man," said Jim with an angry gleam in his eyes. "What's her people like?"

"Oh, average, may be. Pretty poor; mother's dead, a step-mother, I believe. They're respectable enough. Turned her out to shift for herself when they found out about the child."

"To prove their respectability, eh! How does she live?"

"She gets a day's work here and there at washing, house-cleaning and such like. Heavens!" he burst out, "it's enough to make the girl go to the devil when you think how she's treated. There, she has her baby to take care of, a fine handsome boy they say he is, and not a soul to give her a decent word even. I believe she's perfectly straight now but people prophesy she'll go to the bad and then stand back to see her do it."

"Poor thing, she looks as if she needed a friend," was Jim's compassionate comment.

"She does that, all right but I don't know where she's going to get one," was Dawson's cynical reply

"Poor thing," repeated the man, his brows drawn together in a thoughtful frown. His companion addressed a remark to him but he paid no attention. Probably he did not hear him.

For some moments he stood as if deeply pondering some momentous question, then as if he had arrived at a conclusion he turned to Dawson and asked "What's her name?"

"Whose? Oh, that girl over there? Are you still thinking about her? Her name's Alma Horton. She worked for my wife a while this spring," he explained as if he feared his friend might misjudge him because of his knowledge.

"Take me over and introduce me," was Jim's astonishing request.

"Aw, what are you driving at?" protested Dawson.

'Take me over and introduce me," commanded Jim, "and then I want you to stay and hear what I have to say to her. Hurry, she is going away

The men separated themselves from the crowd and then it became apparent that Jim was lame: the result of a broken ankle badly set.

As the men paused beside her the girl turned and looked at them with haughty defiance and acknowledged Dawson's embarrassed mutter of introduction by a curt nod; then with a sort of impatient forbearance she waited.

"Miss Horton," began Jim, "you may have heard of me and know what manner of man I am said to be."

"Yes," she replied concisely and with evident curiosity, "I never heard anything against you. I know where you live and that you're considered well off."

"Well, I've come to ask you to marry me,' asserted Jim.

"What?" exclaimed Dawson appalled, while the girl remained silent, her expression one of skeptical contempt.

"I ask Alma Horton to marry me," said Jim addressing Dawson. "I can give you," he continued turning to the girl, "a good home, the protection you so evidently need and I will adopt the child and give him my name if such is your wish."

"Don't be a fool, Jim," admonished his friend in a whisper.

"Do you mean what you say?" asked the girl incredulously.

"I do. I certainly do," replied the

"But why?" she burst out fiercely. "You don't know anything about me or only what is—is nothing to my credit and you must have a reason I suppose."

"I have. I couldn't go to the war," an almost imperceptible motion designated his infirmity, "and I would do my part. Another, you know of whom I speak, gave his life for the Empire and for his sake I would care for the child and the mother," he replied solemnly.

The girl turned her head and looked off to the vague, blue distances. Pos-

Continued on page 303.

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

Uncle Sam Steps In

THE part which the United States will play in the European struggle has been the subject of much comment throughout the Dominion. The American press, with virtually one accord, approved the decision of President Wilson to arm merchant vessels flying the American flag. The country is solidly behind the President also in his efforts, through the mobilization of militia regiments and the recruiting in both the army and the navy, to prepare the forces of the country for any emergency. Opinion differs, however, on both sides of the line as to whether the United States could and should send an army overseas.

The Montreal Star comments on the situation as follows:

The American Executive seems to be going right ahead preparing for war. That is the way to make sure that no time will be lost while waiting for the politicians to assemble and act. The American Navy can certainly help make the seas safer for food and munition ships bound for Allied ports in Europe; but those who are urging the preparation of an army are on the right line. The Americans will do well to realize that, in going to war with Germany, they are entering the lists with a dangerous foe. It will be no child's play or make-believe. They have got to see that the war is won or else face serious consequences. And it may easily be that they must eventually send a real army to Europe to make sure that the Germans are not left after the war in a condition to apply punitive measures to the United States.

The Winnipeg *Saturday Post* also believes that when the right time comes the United States will furnish something more than moral and financial support. It says:

Germany has been at war with the United States for about seven weeks—but it was only the other day that the Government at Washington aroused itself to an understanding of the fact and proceeded to take steps that will enable the great Republic to retaliate by making war against Germany.

Now that Congress has been summoned to meet in special session on April 2nd, we can reasonably conclude that President Wilson has at last come to the conclusion that the Teutons have been laughing at him for two years and that, however unwillingly, he must fight back or live in history forever as the weakest President that the United States has ever had.

Many Washington correspondents would have us believe that, even if the new Congress should authorize war, it does not necessarily mean that the Republic will become an active participant in the same sense as that in which we speak of Great Britain as a participant. They suggest that the Washington Government will be content to provide protection for American citizens and American shipping. This is nonsense. The main stock in the United States is not of the kind that will tolerate half measures. If the Republic enters the fight at all—and it assuredly will—then it will be forced by public opinion, whatever the wishes of the President may be, to enter it in earnest and to throw the full striking power of the nation into its blows. We have, in short, every reason to feel complete assurance that within another month we shall have added to our already overwhelming forces the full forces and resources of the United States.

UNCLE SAM: "You can laugh, but he's a first cousin to 'that contemptible little British army'"

The Toronto *Globe* says that President Wilson, having exhausted all the

arts of diplomacy in order to avoid an appeal to the sword, is finally driven by the compelling logic of facts to realize that Germany is an outlaw and not amenable to any influence save that of superior force. It continues:

It was a bitter lesson for a proud people to learn. Unwilling to forego the wealth and luxury and ease that came to them stained with the tears and blood and anguish of the stricken Allied nations of Europe, our neighbors to the south have discovered before it is too late that to them the greatest tragedy of this terrible war would be the denial of their faith in liberty and democracy, and their calculating indifference to the calls of humanity. To its honor be it said, the great Republic has not been without witnesses to the instinctive leanings of the American people toward the cause of freedom in Europe. What the Americans have done for the starving Belgians and the exiled Serbs and Armenians will not soon be forgotten. All the country needed was strong leadership. Germany, with that streak of insanity which has characterized her war diplomacy throughout, roused the American nation from its slumbers. The enemy was at the gate. Too proud to fight Germany saw her chance to make it impossible for America to aid the Allies as a neutral. The submarine blockade of the American coast was a challenge to the manhood of the nation, which stirred the latent instincts of the American race.

America is stepping out on the path that Britain took in the early days of war, but with the advantage of two years' experience of European fighting to enable her to forge the most effective weapons of war. For America the hour of decision has struck. In this war for human freedom and progress Old Glory will not remain furled.

Under the heading "Counting the Cost," the New York *Sun* voices sentiments echoed by many other American papers, by saying that whatever may be the consequences of the clash, the United States must go through with it to the bitter end. It says:

In various quarters are heard thoughtful or warning voices bidding America beware. Have we counted the cost of a struggle with Germany?

A grim picture is painted of the possibilities of the war already begun against us, a war which only awaits our formal recognition of its existence to spread its terrors by land and sea.

This picture is one of possibilities only, but few Americans will deny that much of it is likely to prove photographically accurate. The realization of what war means, this war as well as all wars, has, however, never daunted American hearts.

We cannot count the cost any more than one of us can count the cost of saving some one dear to him whose life hangs by a thread. We cannot count the cost of protecting American lives in the generations to come. The single life that is in the balance must be saved whatever the price: the future of America and the protection of our children's children have to be achieved whatever the sacrifices we are called upon to make.

There are times when no man or nation can count the cost, when no man or nation would count the cost; for however stupendous it may be, the object to be attained is something priceless and incorruptible and worthy of laying down our lives for. Those who ask us to count the cost of defending our liberties against German violence insult American manhood.

Land and Water (London)

"Will they last long enough, Father?"

Modernizing Country Life

(From the *Toronto News*)

THE series of rural reforms to which Sir William Hearst, as Minister of Agriculture, and Dr. Creelman, as Commissioner of Agriculture, are committed (see article on page 281 of this issue of Canada Monthly) should go far to make life on the farm more pleasant and more profitable. Take the project of making it possible for every farmer of moderate means to have a waterworks plant, supplying cold and hot water in his house. The lack of modern sanitary conveniences has always been one of the great drawbacks of country life especially in the winter time. Under the Government's plan the want is easily filled. Standardized appliances are to be brought to the attention of 150,000 farmers' wives through the agency of the Women's Institutes during the coming summer. This development alone will make for a revolution in agricultural life.

Next comes the development of social centres in villages and at country cross-roads. It is proposed to use schools, churches and the grounds about them for this purpose. Moving picture shows, lectures, debating and recreation clubs all form part of the scheme. Farmers' sons and daughters who have been to high school, the Ontario Agricultural College or other institutions of learning, will no longer feel the want of mental stimulus on the land. There will be play for social and intellectual inclination. Something of the outside world will be brought to them. The fundamental industry of the Province will be linked up with the thought and progress of the day. At first sight the idea may seem impracticable, but it is the reverse of chimerical. In the hands of the Premier and Dr. Creelman it will bring definite results of real and far-reaching importance.

The cause of these special efforts is found in a world food shortage and the need of ample provisions for the Allied peoples and armies, but the results will be permanently beneficial to the agricultural population as to the Province as a whole. Nothing is more encouraging in the present situation or more full of promise for the future than the broad grasp shown by the Hearst Government in dealing with pressing agricultural problems.

The War Loan

(From the Montreal *Gazette*)

WHILE the final figures of subscription cannot be accurately known for a few days yet, it is understood that the third Canadian War Loan has been largely over-subscribed. In nothing,

perhaps, has the determination of the people to pursue unfalteringly the fight for the preservation of the Empire until victory is achieved, been shown more convincingly than in the ascending purchases of Canada's War Bonds. The Government in the first loan asked for $50,000,000, and received about $102,000,000; in the second loan, asked for $100,000,000 and was offered $206,000,000; and in the third loan, asking for $150,000,000, has received subscriptions believed to run over $240,000,000, and which may greatly exceed this amount when the final figures are compiled. It is a splendid example of the patriotism and wealth of the people.

There are two noteworthy features in connection with the success of the latest loan. The banks will be relieved of their subscription of $60,000,000, and thus be in a position to extend further large credits to the British Government for the purchase and payment of munitions produced in Canada. To the present time, the Canadian Government and banks have advanced no less a sum than $270,000,000 for this purpose, and in this way have immensely stimulated industrial activity in Canada, while contributing potently to the stores of munitions required by the army. Thus, while helping the cause of Britain and her allies on the battlefields of Europe, they have helped to maintain and enlarge a great commercial prosperity at home.

The other gratifying feature of the success of these Canadian loans is that the bonds being purchased principally by our own people, the interest payments will remain in Canada, instead of going out of the country. Before the war much the larger portion of the funded debt of the Dominion was held in Great Britain, that held in Canada being relatively small, while at the end of last month the amount of funded debt payable in Canada had risen to $316,000,000, as compared with $362,000,000 payable in England, and with the recent loan the amount held in this country will exceed one-half of the total debt.

The war is now costing Canada about $25,000,000 monthly, and as this charge is not likely to be heavily exceeded in the near future, the Finance Minister should have sufficient money in sight to carry on for at least another six months. There are, indeed, considerable charges on capital account other than war expenditures, but these have for many months past been provided for by the buoyancy of the revenue.

Canada's Jubilee

(From the Toronto *Globe*)

IN 1864 the late Hon. George Browd moved in the united Canadian Parliament the resolution for the appointment of a committee, which reported in favor of uniting the Provinces as the Dominion of Canada. It is an interesting circumstance that the Liberal leader in the Ontario Legislature has moved for the appointment of a committee to consider and report on plans for fittingly celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the Dominion. Confederation may have disappointed the hopes of some of its promoters. The blending of races and the development of harmonious toleration among creeds may seem to some discouragingly slow. The half century may not have brought the results reasonably anticipated. But in the almost sudden appearance of the new Dominion in the West, in the magnificent expansion from the five hesitating Provinces away to the far Pacific, in the bringing of half a continent under law and order, and in the development of vast natural wealth in forests, mineral deposits, fisheries, and farming areas, the half-century must be regarded as a time of achievement.

Growth has not made the Dominion restless in her free partnership with the mother land, but has strengthened the bonds of Empire and enriched the sentiments which unite a free people in the maintenance and defence of their liberties. The war has proved Canada's willingness to bear her part in the Empire's struggle, to defend the weak nations, and to sustain the cause of justice and liberty wherever the flag may be attacked or menaced. The Dominion is old enough to look with regret at the foolish and almost criminal alienation of vast stores of wealth that might be made to yield abundance of revenue for all time. Timber, minerals and farm land have been lavishly bestowed, and the result is already apparent in the premature need of a multitude of taxations. Although thought is centred in the war and the determination to win must override all other considerations, it is fitting that the Jubilee year of the Dominion should be celebrated with becoming enthusiasm. We can rejoice in the achievement of the Federated Provinces, we can rejoice in the confident outlook and the grand opportunities, and we can even rejoice in the heroic sacrifices which we are making in the cause of national integrity and political liberty.

Punch

ALSO RAN

Wilhelm: Are you luring them on, like me?
Mehmed: I'm afraid I am

Cause of High Prices

UNDER caption "The Cost of the World War," the Kitchener *News-Record* publishes the following:—

A few days since the writer witnessed an incident which, while not fully explanatory of the high cost of living was, at least, illuminating. While waiting in a city grocery store to be served a farmer entered and offered for sale several pairs of chickens which the grocer readily bought at the market price. In exchange the farmer received sufficient groceries to last the average family for a week—or so it seemed—and more than eight dollars in cash. When the groceryman turns these chickens over to his customers at an advance hardly sufficient to cover the cost of handling some people will rise in their ignorant wrath and accuse the "middleman" of robbery. What is true of this small incident is probably correct with regard to the great bulk of foodstuffs produced at the present

time. The producer is receiving the increased price and the cost of living has not gone to alarming heights because of the rapacity and intrigue of "middlemen."

Present high prices of all commodities, raw materials, manufactures and foodstuffs, are caused by the natural laws of supply and demand. Fourteen great nations are engaged in the most tremendous and destructive war the world has ever witnessed. Some fifteen millions of men have been withdrawn from productive occupations, the greater number from agricultural pursuits, thus immensely lessening the world's supply of the necessities of life. Accentuating this shortage is the factor of increased consumption of foods by these millions of men because of the strenuous open-air life they are leading, requiring incalculable quantities of the very best and most nutritious of foods. (Some citizens gasped in amazement at the quantity of food to furnish only one dinner to the men of the 122nd Battalion who visited here a week ago. That was only for five hundred and fifty men. Multiply that quantity of foodstuffs by thirty thousand and you have what is necessary to feed the armies once only. Thrice that is one day's supply).

Another considerable factor is the great quantity of foods destroyed by the armies. The newspapers record daily the destruction of stores of the enemy, the burning of towns and villages, the sinking of ships laden with supplies and in other ways the world's stores of food is being depleted. Wheat is verily the "staff of life" throughout the civilized world and the world's production of wheat was last year more than one-quarter less than in 1915 and about eight per cent. below the average of the past five years. The International Institute of Agriculture officially estimates the wheat production of Great Britain, Spain, Norway, Netherlands, Rumania, Russia-in-Europe, Canada, United States, Switzerland, India, Japan, and Egypt at 2,229,914,000 bushels, or 72.4 per cent. of the production of the same countries last year, and 92.8 per cent. of their five year average. Figures from Germany and Austria-Hungary are not available but it is unquestionably true that production in those countries is lessened in even greater degree because of every able-bodied worker being pressed into the armies.

What is true of the grain supply is accentuated with respect to animal foods. Cattle are slaughtered by the scores of thousands daily to provide energy to the human race and while there is not yet depletion of cattle in the non-belligerent countries, yet there is a shortage of supply. Demand has more than overtaken production.

What is true of foodstuffs is true as well of all products. The excessive demands of the armies added to the necessities of civilian life necessitates forced output of manufactures of all kinds. In normal times those manufactured products would be contributing to the world's wealth, but in these perilous times they are being destroyed. Capital, in the way of the products of men's labor, is being burned up, blasted, utterly destroyed in millions upon millions of value every twenty-four hours. All these factors make for high prices. "He who dances must pay the piper," and we cannot have a world war without the world paying the price, in material as well as in blood and suffering.

It is the rankest kind of political chicanery to try and fasten on any group of men or upon any political party the blame for the increased cost of living. The causes are fundamental and uncontrollable and the effects unavoidable. Municipal, Provincial and Federal authorities are undertaking investigation of the many loose charges of conspiracy and combined rapacity on the part of those who handle and distribute the necessities of life and will ascertain and report upon the thoughtless assumption that high prices of commodities are chargeable to the manipulations of "middlemen."

Life

The sooner the better

Newspapers and men of influence would be far better employed in urging upon our people the necessity of saving in every possible way. We are a wasteful people, needlessly and thoughtlessly so because we always have had an abundance and have never learned the lesson of thrift. An investigator who has recently returned from Germany records that after finishing her lunch on a train (which she had provided before embarking) she opened the car window to throw out some broken bits of biscuits when she was stopped by an official, who told her it was a criminal offence to destroy even the smallest fragments of food. In Great Britain they are taking drastic steps to regulate the quantities of food allowed each individual and to restrict the consumption of necessities. Canada may not reach that stage, but this nation must learn to save what is now wasted. A visit to the garbage destruction plants of this and other cities would be a revelation to the average citizen of the great and unnecessary waste that is daily going on. The average waste from each household makes up a tremendous aggregate of foods and material that is thrown away, and which under necessity could be used. Canadians need now more than at any previous time to learn the lesson:

"Save and Serve."

Proportional Representation

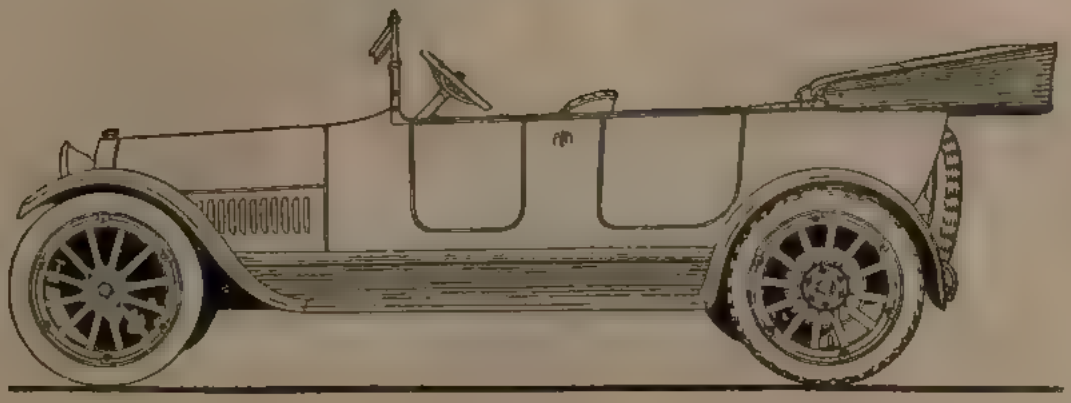
THE work of the Proportional Representation Society of Canada, with an object of bringing about a change in our election system, is commented upon by the *Toronto Globe* as follows:

Elected men are inclined to conclude that the election system could not possibly be improved, consequently it is more easy to interest the public than Parliament in such a reform as proportional representation. The Proportional Representation Society of Canada is carrying on an active propaganda, and its Council is composed of capable and representative men from Nova Scotia to the Pacific coast. Dr. James W. Robertson, C.M.G., LL.D. is president at the Ottawa headquarters, and Mr. Ronald Hooper is general secretary. The present system of small constituencies, each returning one member by a majority vote, may leave large and important elements unrepresented, and may do injustice to many shades of political opinion. It tempts toward such tricks as the

Continued on page 306.

Studebaker

Established 1852



—another tribute to this foremost Made-in-Canada car

The Military Hospitals' Commission of Canada, with headquarters at Ottawa, Ont., has purchased SIX new four-cylinder, forty horse-power Studebaker Touring Cars.

These Studebakes cars are now in constant service throughout eastern Canada in connection with the efficient work of the commission. Invalid soldiers, returning from the trenches on furlough or for hospital treatment, are being transported from place to place in these silent, smooth-running, powerful Studebakers.

In war and peace alike, Studebaker is always at the forefront. On the fields of France and Flanders Studebaker Ambulances have hastened relief under conditions of roads and weather which demonstrated that the QUALITY and SERVICE which once called forth such enthusiastic praise from the late Lord Roberts, in his report to the British Parliament following the Boer War, is still being built into vehicles which bear the name STUDEBAKER.

The deep, restful comfort of the Studebaker's luxurious upholstery, the smooth, vibrationless power and perfect balance of the chassis, the long resilient springs, the silence of moving parts, the safety of the full-floating rear axle, and oversize brakes—the all around dependability of Studebaker cars—make them especially adapted for work of this nature.

Every Studebaker car sold in the Dominion and overseas is built in the great Studebaker factories at Walkerville. In these modern plants every detail of manufacture is given the exhaustive attention characteristic of Canadian manufacturers. Careful, individual attention is given to each seperate car, and the buyer of a Studebaker car in Canada may purchase with the knowledge that he is getting a real "Made-in-Canada" product—a motor car designed and built to meet all the emergencies and difficulties of driving which motorists in Canada encounter.

See the new Series 18 Studebaker cars now. Ride in them—drive them yourself. Know why they are the ultimate choice of discriminating motor car purchasers.

FOUR Roadster	$1375
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No need now to waste time soaking your feet so often. Nor run the risk of paring.

BLUE-JAY plasters have ended millions of corns

This very night thousands of people will say good-bye to painful corns forever. Touchy corns are needless, even foolish.

Blue-jay brings instant relief. And in 48 hours the average corn is gone. Only a few stubborn ones require a second or third treatment

A Blue-jay plaster, with its healing wax, is applied in a jiffy. No soreness, no inconvenience. The pain is not temporarily eased, as with paring. There is no danger, as with harsh liquids. Decide to join the happy crowd to-night which has won freedom the Blue-jay way.

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Makers of
Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns

15c and 25c at Druggists

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

His Bit

Continued from page 300.

sibly, probably, her thoughts were of an unmarked grave "Somewhere in France" and of the brave though irresponsible young life that went out in the awful carnage.

For a few moments Jim waited, then, as he saw that the crowd was breaking up and some were coming toward them he bent toward her and asked, "Well, what do you say?"

"For myself," she answered with a weary gesture, "I don't care, but for the sake of my baby," and the dark eyes were suddenly misty with tears, "I'll be glad to do as you wish."

Proportional Representation

Continued from page 304.

gerrymander, to make a small majority or no majority in the electorate give a large majority in representation. The proposed reform would substitute, for the present single-member system, large constituencies, each returning about five members. The apportionment of seats in these constituencies would be among the different parties, classes, and opinions in proportion to their electoral strength.

Wherever the system has been tried in Switzerland, Belgium, Sweden, Wurtemberg, South Africa and Tasmania, it has given freedom and confidence to all shades of opinion, and has rendered legislation more stable and popularly acceptable. It has also had a tendency toward softening racial, sectarian, party and sectional differences. In the British House of Lords in August last Earl Grey expressed the hope that the conference to be convened would consider proportional representation as a means of securing a really representative Parliament. The Marquis of Crewe answered that it was impossible to suppose such a conference would neglect this important subject. Premier Asquith has expressed the view that any strain of opinion honestly entertained by any substantial body of the King's subjects should find representation in the Commons. In one of the Ottawa leaflets it is pointed out that in the 1904 election 56,526 Liberal voters in Nova Scotia returned eighteen members to the Federal Parliament, and 46,131 Conservative voters returned not one member. In the 1911 election 25,622 Conservative voters in British Columbia returned seven Federal members, while 16,352 Liberal electors were entirely without representation. Such examples show the need of a change of system and for personal service in the cause of political equality.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President
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THINK WELL BEFORE YOU SPEND

Each dollar saved will help Canada to do her share in the War.

Interest allowed at 3% per annum on Savings deposits of $1 and upwards at any branch of the Bank. 5W

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 295.

"Morton—Morton!" I whispered to myself. What was my association with that name? The next moment I had it.

Morton-Duggleby! Christopher Morton, the great ship builder!

The next moment my mind added something to the phrase; I was saying to myself, "The late Christopher Morton!"

He had been my father and he was dead, and I must be the son who had lived with his mother in France.

As I recall that incident now, I am aware that it was my new self, not my old, who was fitting together the pieces of this puzzle for me—fitting it together out of that magazine article which my French doctor had been so annoyed to learn that I had read. In other words, I was deliberately thinking who I must be, instead of listening for the chime of unconscious recognition from my inner self.

That may seem a rather fine-spun distinction, but it was an important one to me, and many and many a time in after months did I lament the fact that my mind offered no fresh white page for the recording of the impressions of that moment, but one instead that was written all over with a strong prejudice.

At the moment when I walked around the curve of the drive and into view of the persons standing at the gate, at that moment I believed my mystery to be fully solved.

The next moment my ingeniously constructed edifice of inference and deduction come tumbling about my ears. The two new visitors to the chateau, who had come not to see it but to interview its owner, Christopher Morton, these two visitors were Virginia Heatherfield and her father!

At first they did not see me. They were listening, evidently with the keenest disappointment, to the old woman's voluble denials that Christopher Morton lived here.

He had not been here since his mother's death, two years—three years ago; the chateau was closed—vacant. If they did not believe her they could go and see for themselves.

I doubt if they understood her words, but the main purpose of her speech was plain enough. As they listened the disappointment in their faces was plain to see, but presently, perceiving this look in her father's face, seeing how his cheeks had paled and his hands were trembling, Virginia forced a trembling smile to her lips.

"It is only what we might have expected, father," she said, "and it is really our first attempt. We shall find him yet."

THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

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a simple, natural, food that supplies every element needed to build the perfect man or woman fit for every job that calls for a clear brain in a supple responsive body. Contains all the muscle-making, heat-creating material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

A food for men and women who do things. Two biscuits with hot milk, or cream, make a complete, nourishing meal at a cost of four or five cents. Delicious with fruits.

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are regarded as the last word in luxurious lingerie. They have the style, beauty and elegance so essential in these garments.
Ask your Corsetiere to show you our new creations.
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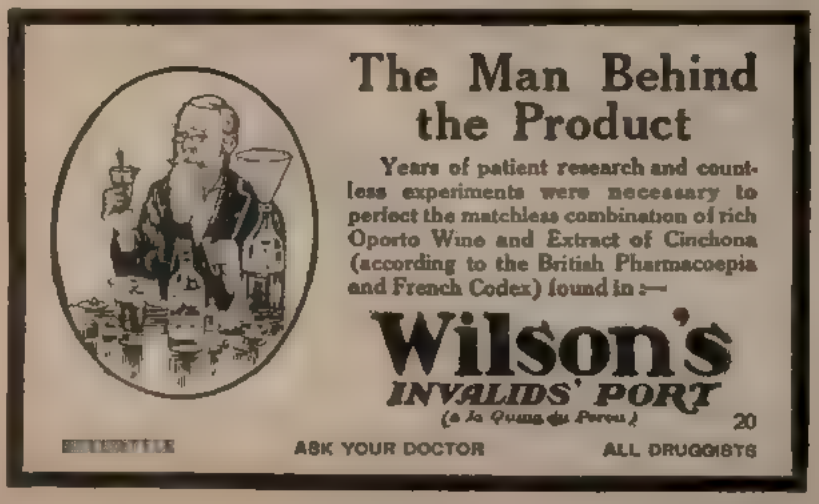
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INVALIDS' PORT
(a la Quina du Perou)
20
ASK YOUR DOCTOR
ALL DRUGGISTS

Then with faltering, stammering words, she tried to ask the old woman if she could not give them some sort of clue, however indirect, to Mr. Morton's whereabouts.

Meanwhile there stood I, not a dozen paces away, I, who had felt absolutely certain a moment before that I was Christopher Morton himself.

At sight of them, of course, my belief had sustained a serious blow. They had seen me on shipboard. My face and, still more, my voice, had been familiar to them, but it was pretty clear even then that they did not identify me in any way with Christopher Morton, the man they hoped to find.

The next moment the sound of my approaching steps caught the girl's ear. She turned and looked at me. Astonishment, at first, was all there was in her face—almost the look of one who sees a ghost—but that expression was quickly succeeded by one of incredulous dread, dread mingled with hot, scornful anger. Her eyes blazed as she looked at me.

"You !" she said.

The word was hardly voiced at all. Hardly more than a whisper, its thrilling intensity made it cut like a whiplash.

"You !" she repeated. "Here !"

Before I could have said a word, even if I had had a word to say, her attention was sharply diverted from me to her father. He, I am sure, had not seen me at all, but the shock of discovering the utter fruitlessness of his visit to the chateau was too much for his age and weakness.

He had been reeling when she spoke to me, and now, in spite of the clasp of the strong arms which she flung about him, he sank down to the ground in the roadway at her feet in a dead faint.

She was down beside him in an instant, pillowing his head on her arm, while with her free hand she tried to loosen the knot of his cravat and unbutton his collar.

"Bring some water quickly !" she commanded the old woman.

Her manner was calm enough, but what few words of French she may have possessed failed her in the emergency, and she spoke in English. The old woman was quite beside herself with excitement.

"Fetch some cold water quickly !" I commanded in a language she understood, and I called after her as she disappeared into the house: "And bring some cognac, too."

Then I stripped off my coat.

"Lay his head back on this," I told Virginia, as I placed it beside her. "He should lie quite flat."

She obeyed me mechanically, but when, a moment later, I offered to help her with the stiff buttonholes of the old

gentleman's collar, she spoke so fiercely that I was quite startled.

"Don't touch him!" she said. "Not those hands of yours!"

Of course I obeyed her, though her words astonished rather than hurt me. To cover my retreat, I went to the lodge-door to urge additional haste upon the old woman. She came almost at once, and within a minute or two the restoratives she brought proved efficacious.

The old gentleman opened his eyes, and the next moment, with his daughter's assistance, rose slowly to his feet. With dignified courtesy, though his expression of it was but stammering, he declined the old woman's invitation to go into the house and rest.

"It was a mere momentary weakness," he said. "I should not have remained standing so long in the sun. The little drive, such as I have before me, will restore me completely. I thank you," he concluded, with a stately bow, "both for your assistance and for your hospitality."

Then, as he turned away from her, his eyes rested upon me where I stood, coatless and highly uncomfortable, in the back-ground. I fully expected and dreaded to see the same amazed expression in his face which had appeared in Virginia's, but to my great surprise and relief he appeared not to recognize me. He noted that I was without my coat, however, and a glance at it lying in the driveway showed him the use to which it had been put.

"And I thank you, sir, also," he continued.

Relying on his failure to recognize me, I stepped forward and offered him my assistance into his carriage. It was the only decent thing I could have done, though I rather dreaded its possible effect on Virginia. But when I had got him safely seated and had turned away with a bow which matched his own, it was only to find Virginia confronting me, my dusty coat in her hands.

The look in her eyes, the look of tragic despair which underlay her anxiety over the recent episode, went straight to my heart. I felt I could not let her go like that.

"Miss Heatherfield," said I, and it took all my self-control to keep from saying "Virginia," "may I have just a word—just a moment? It is for your sake and for his that I ask it. I would not thrust my own needs upon you at a moment like this."

The mere sound of my voice seemed to agitate her almost uncontrollably, but mastering herself with obvious effort she nodded assent and drew a pace or two away from the carriage. A pretense of brushing some of the dust from my coat before she handed it back to me, served as the opportunity for what I wanted to say.

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Our aim was to demonstrate the fact that in Valspar we had produced a varnish that was not only very durable but *absolutely waterproof*.

Since that time this waterproof test has been brought before millions of people in the leading magazines and thousands of varnish users have tried it on all kinds of woodwork and furniture.

But hot and cold water is not *all* that Valspar resists. Spilled liquids, such as coffee, tea, alcohol, cologne, and so on, do not affect it in any way. In fact, it is as spot-proof as it is waterproof.

At first, many people thought Valspar was for use on furniture only. But they soon found it had a wide range of household uses indoors and out.

Be sure you get *Valspar*. If your paint or hardware dealer does not carry Valspar, write us direct and we will give you name of nearest dealer.

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In ½, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

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CANADIAN NORTHERN

"For some reason," said I, "and I give you my word I can form no guess what it is—for some reason my presence here convinces you that I am indeed the man your father thought I was on shipboard. Who that man can be I do not know, and I have no dearer wish than to find out."

Her eyes widened with clear astonishment.

"If you do not know, then you are not the man, *monsieur*."

"Whoever I may be," said I, "as I stand here before you I have no thought but to be of service to you. My needs and my questions can wait. But your father is weak and I fear he is ill. He needs for the next few hours, at least, a better protection than you alone can afford him. I want you to take me into your service. Are you planning to go back to Paris to-night?"

"Yes," she said, "I suppose that is all we can do now."

"Then let me go with you," I pleaded. "I may be of more service than you think."

The look of bewilderment and trouble in her face, the despair that looked out from under those curved lashes, brought tears to my own eyes.

"Can't you simply trust me," I said, "and let the explanation wait? Heart and soul I offer you my service. Can't you accept it?"

There came a rush of tears into her own eyes, and she held out her hand.

"Whoever you may be," she said. "Yes, I accept it."

But the next moment she hesitated.

"Will it be safe for us to try it?" she questioned, and the linking of our two identities brought my heart into my throat. "Won't father recognize you?"

"He has not so far," said I. "I don't think he will. At any rate, I can't let you go off alone."

"Come, then," she said, and took her seat in the carriage beside him.

I climbed on the box with the driver. Her father manifested no alarm whatever over this proceeding. He seemed to take the fact of my having joined the party as a matter of course.

As for me, I was glad that my isolated seat gave me the opportunity for a little calm reflection, or as good an imitation of it as the excitement and suspense of my situation would permit. I stole an inquiring glance now and then at Virginia to learn how the ride was affecting her father. Three or four times I did this and received from her each time a reassuring signal that all was well with him.

I had begun to doubt a little the real necessity of my presence in the party, when she leaned forward and spoke so low that the sound barely reached my ear. I motioned to the cabman to stop his horse, dismounted, and came around beside her. We

were then within a short distance of the post and telegraph-office at St. Symphorien.

Her father seemed to have fallen into a sort of a doze, from which the stopping of our vehicle did not rouse him.

"It is not the least like him to fall asleep like that in the middle of the afternoon," she said. "Do you think he is seriously ill?"

"I am not a physician," said I, "and I don't know. It may be just the natural reaction from the stimulants we gave him."

She seemed only half reassured, and I myself was in some perplexity. The sight of the telegraph-office suggested something to me.

"As I said, I am not a physician," I continued, when this thought struck me, "but one of the greatest physicians in France is my friend and benefactor. If I telegraph to him he will come at once. There is an excellent hotel in Tours, where we can stay very comfortably until he arrives.

"Of course, if your father should need medical assistance in the meantime, we can get it, but I should prefer losing no time in despatching that telegram. The office is right here," I continued, nodding toward the little building. "If you will excuse me a moment, I will go in there and send off the wire."

She nodded assent.

"I am very glad you came with us," she said.

The entrance to the post-office was around at the other side of the building. Taking the shortest line to it, I skirted the side wall closely. As I passed under the open window I heard an exclamation from within that made me stand dead still.

The voice that uttered that exclamation was the voice of the lodge-keeper. Evidently he had run away and left me for the purpose of sending a telegram, and having had to go on foot had reached his destination only a few minutes ahead of us.

The cause of his exclamation was revealed almost simultaneously with the sound of it. A piece of white paper, propelled by the strong summer breeze, came blowing out of the window. In a flash I had recovered it and shrank back close against the wall.

I heard footsteps approaching the window, and imagined that he was looking out to see where his telegram had gone. Finding no trace of it, he returned to the writing-desk, presumably to compose another.

Meanwhile I, my nerves tingling with excitement, was reading the message he was about to send.

Continued on page 318.

The Good Things Some Boys Get

In homes that serve Puffed Wheat and Rice, boys carry the grains at play.

Sometimes they are simply salted—sometimes doused with melted butter. And these bubble-like grains, toasted, flavory, crisp and flaky, form real food confections.

Those Boys Say This:

Boys with Puffed Grains always treat other boys. And they say something like this:

"Why, we have Puffed Grains every day in our house. I get a dish every morning.

"I get them sometimes for supper, in a bowl of milk. Sister uses them in candy making. And I get them like this after school.

"Sometimes it is Puffed Wheat, sometimes Puffed Rice. But one is as good as another.

Children who get puffed Grains talk about them. And children who don't, envy the rest.

For these are the foods that taste like nuts. That are airy and thin and flimsy. And that seem like confections served by the dishful.

Children who don't get Puffed Grains get nothing else that's like them. There is no other way to make whole grains into such inviting morsels.

Puffed Wheat	Puffed Rice

Each 15c Except in Far West

The purpose of puffing, by Prof. Anderson's process, is to make whole grains wholly digestible. By terrific heat and shooting from guns, every food cell is exploded.

What cooking does in a partial way, this process does completely. Thus every element is made available, and every atom feeds

People need whole-grain foods But they need them so the whole grain will digest Puffed Wheat and Rice supply them. So every dainty tidbit forms a perfect food. Let children eat all they will.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada SOLE MAKERS Saskatoon, Canada

(1562)

To City, Town and Village Dwellers in Ontario

What these boys do, you can do

SEVERAL hundred dollars worth of vegetables was the splendid contribution of the Broadview Y. M. C. A. boys of Toronto towards increase of food production last season.

There exists a world shortage of food. Hundreds of thousands of Canadian soldiers are now consumers instead of producers. So you see that every bit of help in growing extra food supplies is of colossal importance. Every home should have a vegetable garden.

Every dollar's worth of vegetables you grow saves money otherwise spent for vegetables or gives you vegetables you would not otherwise have, and thus helps to lower the "high cost of living." Growing vegetables saves the labor of others whose effort is urgently needed for other vital work. Boys, girls, grown-ups—everyone should help. Let the slogan for 1917 be

"A Vegetable Garden for Every Home"

Who doesn't enjoy nice fresh juicy vegetables on the table every day! Isn't it well worth everyone's while to grow vegetables this spring? Decide now. Boys and girls, ask your parents for the use of the ground and their help. They will gladly give you both. Grown-ups should plan now to have a garden.

Horticultural societies, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to encourage vegetable growing by everyone. Parents and guardians are requested to give boys and girls their co-operation.

It is suggested that organizations arrange for addresses on vegetable growing by local expert gardeners. If these are not available, the Department will endeavor to send a speaker. It is urgently requested that applications for speakers be made promptly as the demand for them will be great and the supply of available experts is limited.

The Department of Agriculture suggests stimulating interest by forming organizations to offer prizes for best vegetable gardens. Every possible assistance will be given any organization encouraging vegetable production on vacant lots.

You do not need to be an expert Scarcely any plot of ground is too small. Just write a letter to the Ontario Department of Agriculture (address below) and you will receive literature telling all about vegetable growing, how to prepare the ground and cultivate the crop; also a plan showing suitable vegetables to grow, best varieties for Ontario, and their arrangement in the garden These will be sent free on request. Attend the meetings in your community.

Write for Poultry Bulletin—The high prices for eggs make a flock of poultry well worth while They are not expensive to keep. In the average home the waste from the table is sufficient. Write for bulletin.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign," Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

That Yard of Yours

Continued from page 298.

leaves and a flower of brownish color and pipe-shape.

The Clematis family is numerous and popular as it deserves to be. But, having found that some of its members are more desirable, too many planters are inclined to confine their acquaintance to these to the exclusion of other varieties that are equally desirable. Clematis Intergrifolia Durandi is not, for instance, as widely planted as it ought to be. It grows only to a height of six feet and is one of the few hardy vines that is exceptionally well suited to planting along a low fence.

Other Clematises, exclusive of the large-flowering section, that are to be recommended are: Clematis Montana Grandiflora, sturdy, healthy, succeeding under adverse conditions, with snow-white flowers in profusion, borne in April and May; Clematis Montana Rubens, a new arrival in the family, identical in every respect with Montana Grandiflora, except that its flowers are of a soft-red hue; Clematis Paniculata, the well-known Japanese Virgin's bower, with its small but numerous flowers, white and fragrant, borne in the greatest profusion in August and September; Clematis Coccinea, Coral-red bell-shaped flowers from June until frost; Clematis Crispa, fragrant lavender, bell-shaped flowers with the same season of bloom as Coccinea and an excellent companion plant for the latter.

Among the best of the large-flowering section of the Clematis family are: Henryi, creamy-white: Dutchess of Edinburgh, double-white: Jackmani, the popular purple variety: Mme. Baron Veillard, light-rose and Ville de Lyon, bright carmine. These—and all the clematises, in fact—should be planted so that the crowns are three inches below the surface of the ground.

The best Euonymus is E. Radicans Vegetus. This, when it is better known, is destined to become as popular a wall cover in America as the English ivy is in England. It is hardy, evergreen, self-supporting, clinging.

The Hydrangea scandens, or as it is often listed in catalogues, the Schizophragma Hydrangeoides, is another perennial climber that is not nearly as well known as its qualities deserve. The flowers, borne in large trusses, are similar to those of the buhsy hydrangeas.

The Honeysuckles include four excellent varieties—the Chinese "evergreen," with dark-green foliage that is exceptionally persistent, but not evergreen; the Coral or Scarlet Trumpet; Hall's monthly, with whitish-cream flowers, very hardy and vigorous and the best in the group, and the variegated, Aurea reticulata, with foliage mot-

Pure Seed Corn

EVERY KERNEL GROWS

High Grade Longfellow Yellow Flint Seed Corn, . Bus., 56 lbs., $3 25
High Grade Gold Nugget Yellow Flint Seed Corn ..... Bus. $3 35
High Grade Compton's Early Yellow Flint Seed Corn, ... Bus. $3.25
High Grade North Dakota White Flint Seed Corn .... Bus. $3 20
High Grade White Cap Yellow Dent Seed Corn .... Bus. $2.75
High Grade Wisconsin No. 7 White Dent Seed Corn . . . . Bus. $2 85
High Grade Imp. Leaming Yellow Dent Seed Corn ..... Bus. $2.50
Improved White Hulless Seed Barley, ... Peck 65c, bus. (48 lbs.) $2.40.
Mandscheuri Six Rowed Seed Barley ..... Bus., $1.60, 5 bus., $8.75
Bumper King White Seed Oats ..... Bus., $2.25, 10 bus., $22.00
Pure Seed Flax (seed very scarce) ..... Pk., $1.00, bus., 56 lbs., $3.95
Seed White Beans, profitable crop ..... Pk., $2 25, bus., 60 lbs., $8.10
Red Clover, No. 1 Rennie Seed ..... Bus., $16.20; No. 2, bus., $15.30
Timothy, No. 1 Rennie Seed ..... Bus., $5.76; No. 2, bus., $4.56
Alsike Clover, No. 1 Rennie Seed ... Bus., $14.70; No. 2, bus., $12.30
Alfalfa, Choice No. 1 Rennie Seed .... Bus., $14.10; No. 2, bus., $13.50
Tankard Cream Sugar Beet (cattle feeding) . ..... 4 ozs., 20c, ½ lb., 30c, lb., 50c.
Rennie's Yellow Leviathan Mangel ... 4 ozs., 15c; ½ lb., 25c; lb., 45c
Irish King Swede Turnip (for table or stock) ..... 4 ozs., 20c, ½ lb., 37c; lb., 70c.
Cotton Bags for shipping Seed and Grain, 30c each extra.
Above Seed and Grain Prices do NOT include Freight Charges.

"Pakro" Seedtape. "You plant it by the yard."
2 pkts. for 25c. Ask for descriptive list.

Rennie's Seed Annual Free to All.

Order through your Local Dealer or direct from

RENNIE'S SEEDS WM. RENNIE CO., Limited
King and Market Sts., TORONTO

Also at MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Everything for Every Garden

Small Fruits and Large Roses, the very best kinds
Just imported from Old Country

EVERGREENS, HEDGE PLANTS AND SHRUBS

Send for Catalogue.

ROSS & SON - - TORONTO NURSERIES

La Diva
NON-RUSTABLE
CORSETS
SUPER-BONE
La Diva Super-Bone
CORSET
¶ La Diva Super-Bone is a much better corset than the high-priced-made-in-order model but at an ordinary price.
¶ This corset gives, as the illustration shows, not only stylish lines but erect graceful poise.
¶ The most satisfactory strong supple woven-wire boning ever invented—used in these models only — absolutely guaranteed in every respect.
Just try a pair and be convinced
DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
Montreal — QUEBEC — Toronto
Makers of the celebrated D & A Corsets & "Good Shape" Brassieres.

tled-yellow, white and green. There are three varieties of Wistaria, the Japanese, Chinese and the White Chinese. The Chinese, Sinensis, is the favorite and the strongest grower of the family. It is also the most prolific in bloom. The Japanese, Multijuga, bears flowers of larger size and of deeper purple shade, but it is less vigorous than its Chinese cousin. The white, Sinensis Alba, is a white variety of the Chinese and like it in every respect save in the color of the bloom.

The Kudzu vine, Pueraria Thunbergiana, is the most rapid growing vine in cultivation. For covering arbors or pergolas it is not surpassed by any vine except, perhaps, the wistaria.

The Japan Barberry forms a low, globular bush with glossy dark green leaves, turning in autumn to brilliant scarlet.

For hedges the Ligustium Vulgare or English Privet is one of the finest ornamental plants grown. It can be clipped any shape and is hardy and vigorous, thriving in almost any fertile soil. Its black berries remain on the bush all winter and the rich green leaves remain on the plants well into the cold weather.

Son O' Mine

Continued from page 287.

gested that we do something to make the game a little more interesting. Harry would play for money only as long as it didn't amount to anything—say five cents a corner. We began to play whist at five cents a corner, occasionally drinking a little beer. Two hours later we were still playing."

"With big stakes?" rasped Epes from his seat on the locker.

The woman smiled.

"At two o'clock we were still playing whist at five cents a corner and Harry was half a dollar ahead. He had simply dodged every attempt to raise the stakes, or to interest him in any side-betting proposition.

"I had been sleepy all the evening, doing my part half heartedly and without interest. Then, all in a second, I woke up. I realized that things were going wrong; that we were on the edge of a failure. The boy had already hinted that he must be going. Mason was chewing his moustache nervously; Hartman, I knew from the workings of his face, was furious.

"That we had been balked by a green boy, aroused my interest, and I scanned Harry more closely than before. All of a sudden it flashed over me that he looked like some one I knew—wonderfully like. I racked my brain, but could get no further. For an instant I felt faint and closed my

eyes—for I had a vision of my own boy, with brown, curly hair.

"We had finished a hand. Mason was shuffling the cards; Hartman rang for some more bottles of beer.

"I was staring at the boy's face. His hair was straight and black; my husband's was curly and brown. His nose was thinner and more delicate that my husband's had been. But whom did he look like? What other person did I know with straight, black hair and a skin like that. Who could it be?

"Mason dealt, and Hartman passed to Harry a glass of beer. The boy drank half and set it down. My eyes met Hartman's and suddenly I knew—Did you ever hear of women's intuition, Mr. Clark?"

"I know women sense some things that men don't," Epes replied, hoarsely.

"I felt—I knew that the beer was drugged. I seemed suddenly helpless and numb. We played another hand. I was hardly conscious of what I did. But I had a feeling, which grew stronger and stronger, that I must protect that boy. I didn't know why, but I must take care of him, as if he had been my own boy, my baby. He was some one's boy, he had been some mother's baby. I knew his face, if I didn't know him, and I was not going to help rob him or let him be robbed.

"The next I knew, the boy lurched forward across the table. His head hung limp from his shoulders, and the beer glass went to the floor with a tinkle of fragments. Mason threw his cards down with an oath. Hartman stood up with a smile. Then I told them to stop.

"'Why?' growled Hartman. His face was black.

"'Because I've changed my mind. The boy has the face of some one I know.'

"'Cut it out!' he sneered. 'You can't block the game at this stage, just because you're seein' things!'

"He pushed me aside, and roughly jerked the boy's shoulders. Desperate and angry, I seized an empty beer bottle, struck its neck on the table edge, and smashed the broken glass into Hartman's face."

She held up her right hand, wound about with a red stained handkerchief.

"I cut myself, but his face—I'm afraid there'll be scars. Then Mason seized me and I screamed. Pudger came in, and Harry had slumped to the floor. Hartman was wiping the blood from his face. They got him a doctor and he wanted to have me arrested, but Mason quieted him. I kept watch over the boy, and finally got a carriage and brought him home."

She stood up and drew her wrap around her.

"So you know now, Mr. Clark, why

The Guardian of the Oat Dish

None But the Big, Rich, Flavory Grains Go Into Quaker Oats

Why is Quaker Oats, the world around, the dish of the connoisseurs?

Because it is flaked from the queen oats.

Because all the little oats—starved and insipid—are barred from this premier brand.

Because every flake is luscious. The flavor and aroma give it vast distinction.

It makes a winning dish. Children delight in it. So they get a wealth of this nitrogenous, vim-creating food.

Isn't that your idea of an oat dish?

If it is, be sure you get it. It costs no extra price. Any grocer will supply it if you specify Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

The Vim-Food Luxury

Oats contain over 16 per cent. of nitrogenous protein—the most costly element in food.

They are rich in phosphorous and lecithin, which are brain and nerve constituents.

They are energizing, spirit-giving, and a perfect food for growth. That is why oats stand foremost as a child's food. But older people never cease to need the vitalizing oat.

Large Package, 25c

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada (1561) Saskatoon, Canada

DO YOUR SHOES HURT YOUR FEET?

Perhaps you have been using some inferior dressing on your shoes and the leather has got hard and caked, and will eventually crack.

USE

"NUGGET" Shoe Polish

Black, Tan, Toney Red, Dark Brown, 10c tin.

It will keep the leather soft and pliable, and give a brilliant lasting shine.

"TAKE CARE OF YOUR SHOES."

a strange woman kept your boy out of trouble, all because his face brought something to her, she doesn't know what, and because she once had a boy of her own. I hope the Lord will give her credit for it."

She moved as if to go, then stooped once more over the sleeping face in the bunk. The next instant she had dropped to the rough board, her face hidden on the edge of the berth, her shoulders shaking.

"Oh, God!" she sobbed, "My baby! I want my baby!"

Epes stood, crossed the cabin, and laid his hand with rough tenderness on the coiled hair above her neck.

"There!" he exclaimed. "There!" His voice was hoarser even than the winds of twenty winters had made it. "Don't you take on so! Don't take on! You've got your baby! Can't you see he's the livin' breathin' image o' *you*."

Closing the Colleges

THE suggestion of a Toronto politician, the other day, that the universities should be closed during the war, in order that all the young men might enlist, will certainly never be acted upon says the *Guelph Mercury*. The schools are near enough to the point of being closed right now. A glance over the registers of any of the schools will show that. A Guelph church, in need of a pastor was able to secure one by reason of the fact that nearly all the theologs in his class, for he was formerly on a college staff, had enlisted. A glance at the boys at the Agricultural College will show the same thing. There were not enough freshmen to put up even a half hearted fight this year at the annual rush.

This country must look ahead. Every day the casualty list that is growing makes it increasingly certain that there is going to be a demand for a type of man that it is going to be very difficult to fill.

Consider the type of men that have appeared in the casualty lists of this city, as killed or seriously wounded. Are they of the sort or calibre that can be readily and easily replaced? We know, much to our sorrow, that they are not. They represent, in almost every case, the very best type of manhood that we have, and it has been lost to us.

The schools and the places of learning will have to play a larger part in the future of Canada than they have ever done in the past or else we are as a people going to suffer. There will be men returning from the front unfitted by the wastage of war for their previous vocations and it will be part of the work of these schools of ours to remake the vocation of these men, and turn their varied talents into channels suitable to their physical and mental ability.

It may sound very pathetic and very loyal, to cry out for the closing of the colleges. But we have no proof that the men in the colleges have not done their bit. Their record, we think will compare favorably with that of any other class of people. To close them, or even place them under any greater handicap than they are bearing at present, would be to hamper and weaken them for all time to come.

Canada's Peat Bogs a Valuable Asset

ATTENTION is being drawn to the possibility of expansion of Canadian commerce and industry as a result of the war. This may take the form of domestic production of articles for a supply of which we have been dependent upon foreign sources, or of increased exports to other countries of products hitherto supplied by Germany and Austria.

Among other things this emphasizes the importance which development of the latent resources of Canadian peat bogs might readily assume if full advantage of the new conditions arising from the war were taken.

Sulphate of Ammonia, the chief by-product of European peat plants is a valuable fertilizer worth about $60 00 per ton. The world's production last year is estimated at 1,365,000 tons, worth about 8$0,000,000. The chief importing countries are as follows, the figures representing excess of consumption over production:—

	Tons	Value
U. S. and Canada	58,000	$ 3,500 000
Japan	115,000	7,000,000
Java	57 000	3 500,000
France	15 000	900,000
Spain and Portugal	42,000	2,500,000
Italy	15,000	900,000
	302,000	$18,300,000

Of these amounts the portion supplied by Germany and Austria was:

	Tons	Value
Germany	90,000	$5 400 000
Austria	30,000	1,800,000
	120,000	$7,200,000

These figures shew the existence of extensive markets which might be supplied, in part at least, by Canada, and of an opportunity to capture some

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

SPRING FISHING

IN THE

HIGH-LANDS OF Ontario

AN ONTARIO LAKE TROUT

Muskoka Lakes—Black Bass, Pickerel, Salmon Trout.

Kawartha Lakes—Speckled Trout, Black Bass, Maskinonge.

Lake of Bays—Speckled Trout, Salmon Trout, Black Bass.

Algonquin Park—Speckled Trout, Black Bass, Salmon Trout.

Timagami—Black Bass, Lake Trout, Speckled Trout.

Lake Nipissing — Black Bass, Maskinonge, Pickerel, Pike.

Georgian Bay—Black Bass, Salmon Trout, Lake Trout, Pickerel, Trout.

OPEN SEASONS.

Black Bass—June 16th to December 31st.

Speckled Trout—May 1st to Sept. 14th.

Salmon Trout and Lake Trout—November 6th to October 4th following year.

Maskinonge—June 16th to December 31st.

Pickerel—May 16th to April 14th the following year.

Full particulars, fishing regulations and illustrated folders free on application to C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

G. T. BELL,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Montreal, Que.

W. S. COOKSON,
General Passenger Agent,
Montreal, Que.

share of the trade of Germany and Austria in this product.

The extent and rapid growth of the domestic market for artificial fertilizers is shewn by the following statement of Canadian imports for 1902 and 1903 and the past six years.

Year	Value
1902	$84,996
1903	1112,25
1908	403,171
1909	529,660
1910	548,493
1911	586,453
1912	620,147
1913	737,656

Many Canadian peat bogs are rich in nitrogen, and therefore suitable for this industry, and enquiries have already been made by British capitalists with a view to establishing chemical works in Canada, provided that a sufficient supply of peat can be guaranteed.

Apart from the potential value of our peat bogs as a subsidiary source of fuel supply and for production of sulphate of ammonia, there are numerous other products such as moss litter, peat dust, alcohol, acetic acid, acetone, tar, tar oils, creosote, etc., which might form the basis of paying inudstries giving employment to many people, where now we have only waste lands.

In the peat bogs of Northern Holland alone it is stated that about $3,000,000 worth of peat fuel is made yearly, and over 200,000 tons of peat moss litter. About 10,000 families are employed in the peat fields, and many prosperous towns owe their existence and prosperity to the industry. In addition to shipments made by rail, it is estimated that peat furnishes annually about 48,000 cargoes to the Dutch canal boats.—*Journal of the Canadian Peat Society.*

Farm Holds Future of Empire

THE remarks made by our new Governor-General, the Duke of Devonshire, during the visit of the vice-regal party at the Ontario Agricultural college at Guelph last month is of significance. His Excellency said in addressing the students:

"When I came to see your great institution I came to learn about it. But I am also glad of an opportunity to say a few words and to congratulate you on the magnitude of the work you are doing. I do not come to Guelph altogether as a stranger. I certainly have never been here before, but as one who has taken an interest in agriculture throughout the world, the work at Guelph is known to me, for it has a

Nick and Pull!

Take a tip from the world's largest pencil users

Just "nick" a Blaisdell pencil between the perforations and "pull" the narrow strip of paper straightaway. Instantly your pencil is sharpened. No time nor lead is whittled away. No soiled hands nor littered floor.

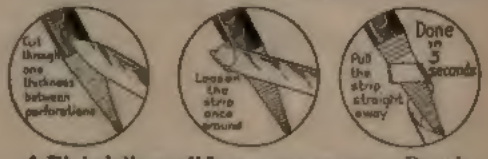
"Nick" and "Pull" are expert sharpeners—they guarantee better pencil service at lower pencil cost. They are eliminating fuss and muss, and they are saving money for the world's largest pencil users.

Blaisdell pencils are used by the United States Steel Corporation, by the Bradstreet Company, Standard Oil Company, American Tobacco Company, and nearly every large business house.

These largest pencil buyers buy for economy and service. They know that they get both when they buy Blaisdells. They know that the superior, gritless Blaisdell leads mean quicker, cleaner work and happier workers.

"Nick" and "Pull" guarantee pencil economy and satisfaction to the large buyers. *Why not you?*

The Modern Way to Sharpen a Pencil


Cut through one thickness between perforations
Loosen the strip once around
Pull the strip straight away
Done in 3 seconds

A Blaisdell pencil for every purpose—Regular, Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra Thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's, Railroad, etc. All standard grades and degrees of hardness.

Blaisdell 202, with eraser tip, is a superior general purpose pencil, smooth-writing, long-wearing, ever-ready.

Blaisdell 151, blue pencil, leads the world in quality and outsells all other blue pencils combined.

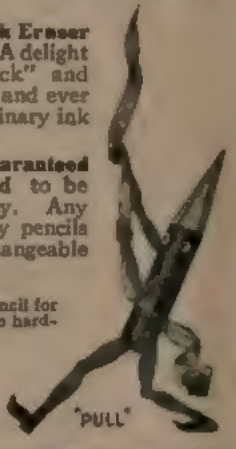
Blaisdell Spun Glass Ink Eraser takes out blots in a jiffy. A delight to all for erasing. "Nick" and "Pull" keep it ever ready and ever clean. Outlasts three ordinary ink erasers.

Blaisdell pencils are guaranteed to have perfect leads and to be satisfactory in every way. Any defective or unsatisfactory pencils will be replaced or are exchangeable for full purchase price.

FREE SAMPLE No. 706 pencil for marking metal will be sent to hardware men who request it.

Let "Nick" and "Pull" go to work for you TO-DAY.

Your stationer sells and recommends Blaisdell pencils.



Blaisdell
Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

Economize—use 2 cups of left-over meat

KNOX MEAT LOAF

Soak 1 envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water five minutes. Add 1 onion, grated, and 1 stalk of celery to one pint rich stock well seasoned, and after boiling a few minutes strain and pour over the softening gelatine. Add juice of one lemon and when the jelly is beginning to set, mold in 2 cups cooked and chopped veal, chicken or other meats. Slice and serve on platter.

Use KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE and you have quality and quantity

FREE Recipe Book

for your grocer's name. If you have never used Knox Gelatine, enclose 4c in stamps, for pint sample (enough to serve 5 people).

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO., Inc.
Dept. E,
180 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, Canada

How Convenient!

Is Your House Small?

Then don't crowd the furniture. You can utilize the space to best advantage with an

ELITE FOLDING TABLE

Bring it out from behind the easy chair or from under the couch. You will find it indispensible for sewing, writing, tea, cards, or any one of a dozen other uses.

Your dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

MADE IN CANADA.

Write for FREE Booklet "F" describing our "Peerless" and "Elite" Tables.

HOURD & CO., Ltd.
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers
London, Ontario.

reputation far beyond the confines of Canada. We in England know the admirable and splendid work done here, but I certainly was not prepared to see so much. It has astonished me.

"The work accomplished here reflects great credit on this institution. Perhaps that work, always important, was never so important as at the present time when we are in the midst of a great struggle in which problems intricate and difficult are being raised from day to day.

"It is now almost impossible to imagine what vast territories may be put under siege. We are making an attempt, not without a measure of success, to effect a blockade of the central powers I do not know the true conditions in Germany, but I am justified in saying that the Germans are being reduced to a considerable amount of discomfort and anxiety. I cannot emphasize too strongly the necessity of forcing a successful conclusion of the war so that it will not be possible in the future for any power to again inflict such an outrage on the world.

"We must see to it that in the future our relations with other powers are such that we have a sufficient development of the resources of the Empire, so that we can rely on our own countries. What has been done in this institution in the past will be the best means to grapple with this great problem. It is a question of the broadest Imperial importance."

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 311.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PARIS PAPER.

HE came to-day. I am sure it is he. I took a picture of him without his knowledge. His valise is in the Tours parcel-room. I am going to follow him. Also, I met on the road an American girl with an old man, her father. These are, perhaps, the others.

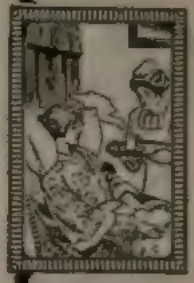
Pierre Bottin.

This is what I read after I had shrunk back against the wall and smoothed out the crumpled paper which the breeze and a stroke of good fortune had brought me.

For just a moment after I had finished I stood where I was, thinking as fast as I have ever thought in my life. The message was badly written, with many blots and erasures, and it would evidently take the author of it some little time to compose another.

I slipped around the corner of the building and assured myself that neither the carriage nor my path to it was commanded by any window.

For the invalid as well as those in perfect health



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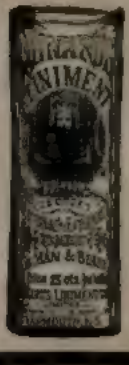

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At sight of me Virginia's eyes widened, and I knew that some hint of the strange tale I had to tell must be written in my face.

"What has happened?" she asked a little breathlessly as I came up beside her.

"Let me ask you three questions first," said I, "and then I will tell you. On your way out to the chateau—to Mr. Morton's chateau—did you meet a man in the road walking as if he were in a hurry?"

"A rather evil-looking young man? A man with queer eyes?" she asked, and I nodded.

"Yes," she said, "and he stared hard at us. He turned around to look after we had passed him."

"Another question," said I. ."Did you come from Paris this morning? And if you did, where did you leave your luggage?"

"At the railway station," she said.

"Now, my last question," said I, "and that's the important one. Unless you trust me fully, you must not answer it."

"I trust you," she said quietly. "I told you that."

"Well then," said I, speaking as fast as I could, "have you any enemies? Is there any one who might anticipate this attempt of yours to see Christopher Morton? Who might, perhaps, wish to prevent your meeting him?"

She did not pale at my question, as I half expected she would. Instead, the color rose high in her cheeks.

"Yes," she said, "there is.'

Without another word, I held out my telegram and translated it for her.

"Now," said I, "I am the person to whom the first part of the message refers. The man who wrote it is in that building there, composing another to take its place. This blew out of the window and I caught it. He will go to the Tours station and wait for me there. He means to follow me, but if he sees you he will undoubtedly have you followed also."

She frowned in some perplexity, and glanced from me to her faher.

"I don't know what we are going to do, *monsieur*," she said. "Do you?"

"You leave it in my hands?" I asked eagerly.

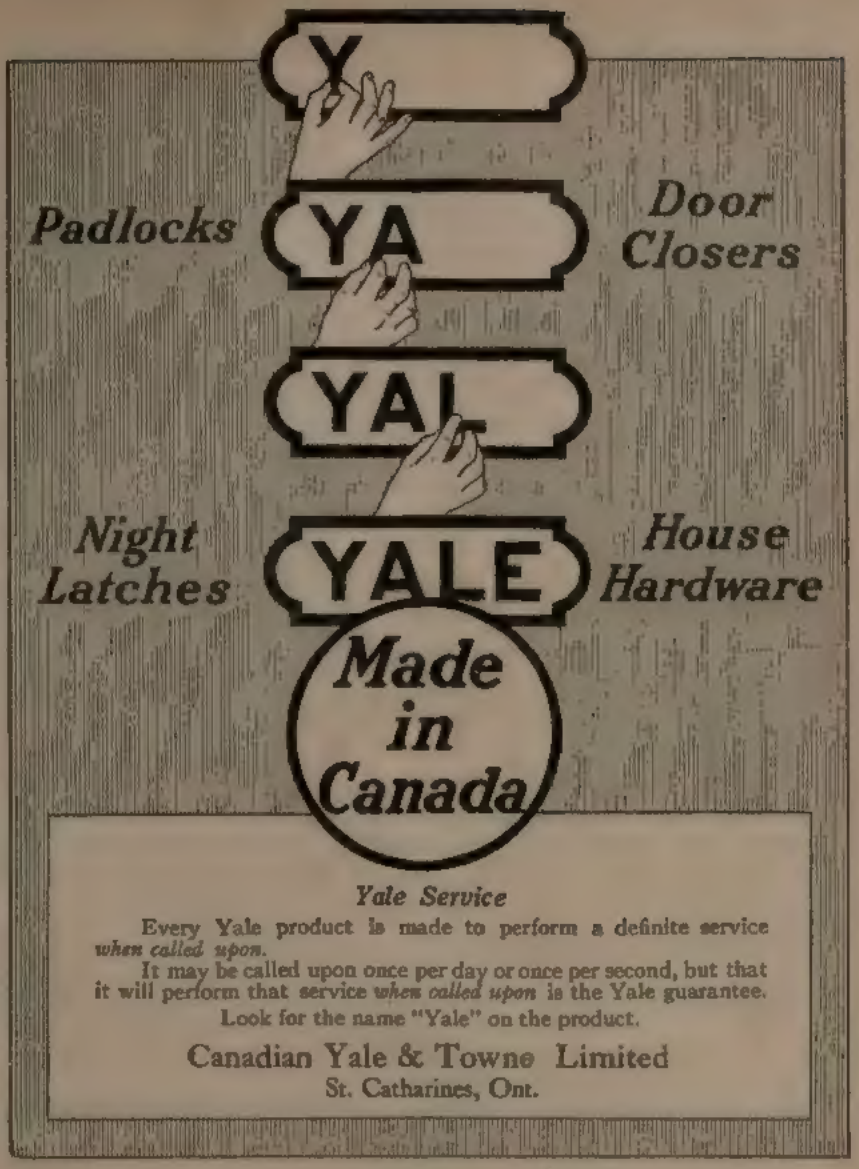
For an instant, a troubled look of doubt clouded her eyes, but if the doubt were there she conquered it resolutely. She indicated her father with a grave inclination of the head.

"I put him in your hands, *monsieur*," she said. "I will do whatever you say."

I turned to the driver.

"Wheel around," I commanded, "and drive us to Mettray."

(To be continued)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